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THE BETTER WAY.

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Special Report for The Better Way.
SPIRITUAL PHASES OF LIFE.
Lecture Delivered at Grand Army Hall, Cincinnati, O., Sunday morning, February 5, 1888, by the Gales of WALTER HOWELL, for the Congregation of the Society of Union Spiritualists.

INVOCATION.

Infinite Wisdom: The surging billows of conflicting opinion roll around us, and we are well nigh overwhelmed by them. We are ignorant; be thou our intelligence, our boundless love amidst the east winds of human selfishness. Our hearts are chilled to the center; wilt Thou not inflow as the spirit of warmer affections. Vitalize our humanity so that we may not suffer in the Arctic region of self, where the ice-bound rivers of the soul flow not readily on and unite easily with the boundless ocean of infinitude. Our wills are variable and our backbone of moral courage is not as strong as it might be. Infinite Power, strengthen our wills that we may become men and women more worthy to be the image of Thyself. We thank Thee, O, Divine Intelligence, for the great examples of past ages, and for the honorable representatives of goodness, truth and love that are now embodied upon the earth. We thank Thee for the revelations of every age, but we are deeply conscious that none of these contain the ultimatum of knowledge. We want a revelation now. We pray for an inspiration this morning. May this audience be baptized with a pentecostal blessing from on high, so that our minds may be illumined, our hearts made lighter, our wills strengthened, and a more graceful womanhood and a nobler manhood be evolved as the result of this service. O, we beseech Thee, as we ever seek to combat error may we be so careful as not to dishonor any fragment of truth. In these efforts may it be ours ever to seek to unveil from the statue of nature the clouds of superstition that may have gathered about, and enable Thy rays of splendor to shine effulgently through. May we hold sweeter and more hallowed communion with the Infinite, until spirituality shall predominate over materiality, until wisdom shall banish the shadows of agnosticism, and may we be so emancipated from the thralldom of these enemies of progress that we may nevermore be in anywise tainted by their seductive influences, as we are marching onward and upward through the spiral path of eternal progress. May the soul's supremacy be recognized, and the crowning glory of the spirit be enjoyed by each and all. May the fires of immortality behold you from the darkness and gloom through the valley of shadows. Be to every bereaved one here that source of comfort and consolation which the drooping spirit needs to-day. May we rejoice in that light which makes us free.

DISCOURSE.

"I come that ye may have life, and that ye may have it more abundantly," says the orator of old.

We find ourselves upon the spiral pathway of immortality. As we gaze downward we behold the road by which we have ascended, winding downward into the darkness of apparent oblivion. As we gaze up the ascent, higher it coils, around and around, until it passes beyond our ken. Standing, as we do, between (so to speak)—paradoxically it is true—the two vast eternities of the past and the future, is it not natural that the inquiring soul should interrogate itself as to "Whence came I and whither am I bound?" Science and philosophy and religion have all endeavored to solve this problem. Modern Spiritualism lends its suggestive aid and endeavors to deal through its phenomena with man's continuity, but when the continuity of man's being has been satisfactorily

proven through the demonstrations of Modern Spiritualism, then comes the all-important question rolling back upon our interior consciousness, "Whence came I?" The question, "If a man die shall he live again?" is answered, but "When did I begin to live?" If we ever began to live, then, obviously seeing that there is a beginning to live, (if we concede such a hypothesis) we must also predicate an end, for that which has a beginning has an end. Hence, in order to recognize the soul's immortality, we must also predicate on it a never-ending existence backward, as well as an endless continuity forward, to use terms that, perhaps, are not altogether explicit of the thought we would convey, but when we are speaking to men and women embodied in conditions of time and space, our thought has to accommodate itself to their existing state and conditions, for men do not seem to be able to rise above the limitations of their environment, consequently we have to go from the known to the unknown.

The efforts of modern science to solve this problem have achieved but little. Some time ago the scientific world was stirred to its very depths by the announcement on the part of Dr. Bastian that he had discovered that life is spontaneously generated. This assertion, so astounding in its character, brought into the field of scientific research an influx of inductive investigators who recommenced the task of ascertaining the source or origin of life. Dr. Bastian had exposed substances in solution in hermetically sealed flasks to a very high temperature, and after a few hours of a cooling process, forms of infinitesimal life began to manifest themselves. He continued these experiments until he was convinced that life was capable of being spontaneously generated, but when Mr. Huxley, and others in Europe, began to examine these investigations and recognized that probably there had not been sufficient care manifested in the inquiry, they exposed the substances in solution, contained in hermetically sealed flasks, to a very high temperature, and it was then found that no forms of life were visible after very much longer time had elapsed than that stated by Dr. Bastian. The microscope threw its effulgent rays upon the subject, and a Mr. Daling, an eminent Methodist minister, but more eminent as a scientist, because Methodism and science won't mix any more than oil and water, yet the scientists are proud of him in all his scientific achievements. He discovered that there are germs in the atmosphere, and that may be considered entirely fireproof, and however high the temperature may have been, if there had been the manifestation of animalcular life, it could not have been any evidence that life could be spontaneously generated; and now along the entire line of scientific intelligence comes the word that as far as any power of scientific research can discover, life is not spontaneously generated, but is obviously the result of pre-existing life. We, however, cannot assert that there ever was a time when life was not. There was a period when substance did not exist. If no atom in the universe can be annihilated, it seems obvious by a parity of reasoning that no atom in the universe can be created, but the primordial atoms are eternal. No, friends, there never was a time when God woke up to work, and there never will be a time when God will take an eternal rest. "My father worketh hitherto," says the Master, "and I work." The term "creation" is not the exact term that we would like to use, but as you are so familiar with it we are obliged to use it. But when we speak of creation it will be distinctly understood that we do not mean the creation of something out of nothing, for out of nothing nothing comes. The poet may have been a good poet who penned the familiar lines:

"'Twas great to speak a world from naught,
But greater to redeem it."
But he was not a philosopher or he would not have said a world could have been created from naught, even in poetry. When we behold in nature the bringing into view of a nebulous mass, we do not behold a dark, cold hearth stone on which the fire of life is in one day to be kindled, but in the very organization of nebulous mat-

ter in its fluidic form, as it revolves or rotates upon its axis in space, a huge ball of fire, we behold the spirit of life animating it. We recognize there the presence of spiritual and psychic power operating intelligently to evolve from the nebulous invisible substance, or visible fiery orb, and from that fiery orb to safely create the animating principle, and from the decomposed granite to evolve it, and as a result of suitable conditions, and in the surroundings of a planet the bringing together of the necessary ingredients to create water, and eventually the formation of aqueous rock, and the decomposition of this rock to create earthy matter, and in the warm waters of the majestic ocean we behold floating masses of life, all indicating the beginning of a new animal development, onward and upward; but when we talk of the beginning of life in the soul or in the monad, let us not make the mistake, as many have done, and imagine it is the beginning of life. No it is not. We are told by the microscopist that life begins in the cell. Of course everybody knows what a cell is. It needs no explanation, but to give you a definition that you will all understand, it is a minute, inclosed space or sac, filled with fluid, making up the cellular tissue of plants, and of many parts of animals. It also possesses a nucleus, and now you have the whole definition. It is as simple as the nose on your face, but not so with you who are not familiar with the technics of scientific research, and it requires perhaps a little simplification. A cell then is composed, first, of a kind of membranous sac, and in this sac there is a fluid that is something of a colorless nature, and within this colorless fluid there appears a tiny speck that constitutes its nucleus or center of activity, and within this nucleus there is what is called a nucleolus, and in that tiny cell is recognized that which is said to be the beginning of life—the dawn of being, and you can not tell the primordial cell that shall eventually evolve a plant and that which shall evolve a serpent, a bird, an animal or a human being. When you come down to the primordial, to all appearance homogeneous, as understood in its higher manifestations, do you recognize homogeneity? Now the very fact of the principle contained in the doctrine of modern evolution is to be couched in something like this terminology: If from that primordial cell you can evolve the marvelous ramification of life and being, as exemplified in the human or the animal or plant organism, then it is obvious that there must be a potentiality involved in that cell, for you cannot evolve from anything that which is not involved in it. We require a philosophy and science of investigation, or spiritual influx, as well as a science of evolution, in order for the science of life to be completed and true philosophy to be evolved. Hence, then, instead of speaking of the cell as the beginning of life, pardon us if we correct the mistake. It is not the beginning of life, we assert most emphatically. It is but the beginning of the manifestation of life upon the mundane sphere of being, as there is a difference of beginning of life *per se* and the beginning of its manifestations. The cell is no more the beginning of human life than death is the end of all. If we studied nature less superficially we should recognize that wherever we turn life is present. You cannot delve into the soil without you bring up germs. When they are brought into sufficiently close proximity to the surface of the soil, you will find that plants which are not familiar and that are not aboriginal or indigenous to that particular part of the earth or climate, will sometimes make their appearance; simply down in the deep recesses of the soil you will find these coming in contact with forms of life that flourish under conditions of temperature different from the climatic conditions of the present day, as for example, even in the Arctic regions, if you were to delve down you would find the remains of tropical plants, and these germs, when they are brought sufficiently within the rain and the sunlight and the air, unfold their life proper, and manifest the fact that there is more life behind the scene of the stage of manifestation than there is in front of it. Those of you who have kept a small aquarium will be famil-

iar with the fact than in a short time a greenish substance will begin to collect. If you take a high power microscope you can recognize that this greenish substance is well defined and organized, and evidences the fact that the conditions have been present for the potentiality that are within the germs in the water, and the conditions that are presented evolve that particular form of life, and if we could only have, in addition to the high microscopic power, more light, that is required, greater and higher lens power, in order to enable us to then carry our microscopic researches further, then we might more fully discover what this life is. Hence the scientist prays for light, more light. When that light shall come it shall reveal the fact that the further inductive investigations proceed from the external to the internal, the more we lift the thin veil from the outer court of physical life to the holy of holies in the temple of spiritual being. Whether the will of man is really associated with the bodily organization of mind and matter, it is so simultaneous than one cannot assert with any degree of demonstrative certitude either the supremacy of the one or the other. But those of you who are at all familiar with the science of the cerebral organization, know that from the standpoint of the scientist there exists an impassible gulf between the physiologist and the metaphysician or psychologist. The one may stand firmly upon the rocky height of his position; the other stands upon the impassible ground of scientific demonstration. They do not seem to come any nearer together than the organic and inorganic world. There seems to be an impassible gulf here between these two factors, and though we have stated before upon this occasion, but we may say it again because the reiteration of this truth may perhaps lend a ray of spiritual light that will enable you to become more deeply interested in the phenomena and philosophy of Modern Spiritualism, we have held without fear of contradiction that the gulf has been bridged and this impassible gulf crossed and recrossed, proving the supremacy of mind over matter.

How does it do it? Do you wish to know? From a scientific standpoint, as far as time is concerned, we have no solid ground of defense to stand upon, because simultaneous with the production of thought there is also the evolution of molecular change, and so marvelously simultaneous are these factors that you cannot, from the standpoint of the physiologist, say that the molecular change is prior in order of time to the production of thought, neither can the metaphysician assert that thought is prior in order of time to the molecular change in the matter of the brain.

In what sense then do the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism assist us in the solution of this problem? If you go to a medium, you get through the mediumistic powers of the person what is known as Independent Slate Writing. You can get a communication written in broad day-light between two slates when the medium's mind is diverted from the subject entirely, and your own thoughts are not centered in that direction, and even supposing they were, the subject-matter upon the slates will oftentimes be entirely foreign to preconceived ideas, and entirely beyond the ken of the medium, showing that there is an intelligence there operating through occult forces with which the philosopher and scientist are not familiar, and yet demonstrating the power of intelligence to manifest itself apart from the molecular changes in the gray matter of the brain, leaving out your cerebrum, by leaving out any material basis of the production of thought, and declaring that thought can exist, and can manifest itself under other conditions than those furnished by your mentality, and this throws the bridge across the gulf, and though it does not prove the priority of thought in order of time, it proves that thought is prior in the order of precedence, at least. If, therefore, the existence of thought or mentality can thus be proven, apart from the very fundamental conditions of physiology, then does it not go a long way to prove that the true basis of life is spiritual and not material? Material organization then is but the mechanism through which the spiritual entity manifests itself and this spiritual entity is capable of an existence prior as well as after birth and death, for in reality, birth and death do not constitute the beginning or end of life, but simply constitute our change of form, of manifestation, and change of perception; and it is given us to know that when the cycle of our experience has been complete, the dark chambers of the past are unlocked by the magical powers of the soul, and the memory of the past is restored, and the past and the future blended into the immortal, which now completes the cycle of mortal life and gives to the spirit a perception of immortality that is not continuity of time, but constitutes another degree of the spiritual consciousness, with which you are not familiar in the domain of time and space.

We are sometimes aware of the existence of this transcendental consciousness of being, even during our career in earth life, as for example in the dream there is a condition when a portion of the brain is, as it were, closed, and another portion is awake, so that when the consciousness receives the vibrations of that condition, we may, it is probable dream that we are traveling in a foreign clime, that while there we are enjoying the ecstasy of feminine relationship, interblending with society, and pass years in ecstatic pleasure in that far off land, and just as the evening shadows begin to close around the last scene of our existence, and the seas of vermillion and cloud begin to illumine the Eastern horizon we awake and realize that morning's rosy light has just dawned; and if an observation had been made scientifically, of the passage of time during this whole experience, we should find that only perhaps about two or three minutes had elapsed from the beginning to the end of the dream, yet, as to our consciousness, it would embrace years of experience. Those of you who have experienced the sensation of drowning will know that during the few seconds there has rushed upon your consciousness the vivid recollections of a lifetime, and in these transcendent moments of consciousness you have been made aware of a spiritual nature in yourself that laughs at the limitations of time and space; and by and by you look for a solution of the problem of the beginning and origin of life in a higher domain than that of philosophy and science. So long as philosophy and science deal with the organism and aid in explaining its marvelous mechanism and the measure of its strength, so that we may deal more carefully with the diseases to which men are heir, so far it is a beneficent benefactor, but when it goes beyond this to regard the origin of life, the cause of thought, then it overleaps its own domain and is abortive to human progress. It is therefore our desire to endeavor to emancipate the human mind from the thralldom of materialistic bondage, and in order so to do, let us endeavor not to come upon the scene of existence with merely our natural morality unfolded, but let us seek to develop within ourselves the scenic and spiritual domain of our being. Is it not a fact that a man sees in the universe that which he himself interiorly is, as developed.

The geologist comes to the rocky chambers of the earth and reads there the hieroglyphs which the spirit of progressive life's manifestation have written thereon. The astronomer gazes upward into the arch of the sky, and through telescopic observation he becomes familiar with the movements of the heavenly bodies, and can predict with mathematical accuracy the advent of a comet or the coming of an eclipse. The botanist may read in the leaves of the book of the vegetable kingdom, its nature and history; the physiologist and anatomist may read from the symbols of animal organism the external implements of interior consciousness that constitute the occasion for developing or evolving the potentiality that is within. As they gaze upon the scene, the astronomer beholds it as a stupendous observatory; the geologist recognizes it as an enormous museum of antiquity; but when the artist comes upon the scene, nature to him is an exemplification of the beautiful and the sublime. He reviews nature as an immense art gallery; it is a book of poetry, a hall of music. When the saint comes up to the scene, to him the universe is one gigantic temple, whose crystal gems are held in position by the nice balance of the mountains and the hills, and he falls before the grandeur in nature and worships the spiritual that is incarnated in all being, and lives ever more supremely and transcendently above all material forms. Now, cannot we by a development of art all around nature, so unfold our minds and hearts that we may hold a sweeter and broader communion with our material and our æsthetic and spiritual extremes?

Spencer, the English philosopher, tells us that life is a correspondence of external relations. Now, if this definition of life may be conceded, for the sake of carrying out our idea, then in so far as a man is not an admirer of nature's beauty or sublimity he may be said to be æsthetically dead. If he does not recognize any the infinite presence of the everlasting spirit of Deity he may be regarded as dead to this transcendent presence of the spirit. Hence, then, we come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly," by endeavoring to awaken in your minds and hearts a consciousness that within the nether world of material there exists a world of beauty, a world of Divinity around you; on every hand the host of heaven are thronging us by a cloud of witnesses, but your eyes are dull and you behold not their radiance around you and about you. The vibrations of elysium float down from the sunny slopes of immortality into the valleys of time, but only here and there does there exist an evenly adjusted soul that can catch the scent that comes from spheres, beyond which are around us on every hand, pressing closely on us, on every side are the forms of our loved and so-called dead, but we do not recognize them; we do not feel them. Men seem to have their eyes blinded and their ears dumb. Oh, for the trumpet of an angel that should sound the notes of resurrection to a humanity dead in trespasses and sins in the sense of spiritual awakening, so that from the curse of materialism, bound hand and foot with the clothes that constitute man's spiritual bondage, he may come forth and be set at liberty to breathe a spiritual temperature, and his spiritual lungs delight with its transcendent thought, and come upon a sphere of beauty that is not discernible with the physical eye, to catch enjoyments that are not capable of being registered upon the great retina of the material senses, and thus in the morning of life have our horizon spiritually much more enlarged. The light of immortality already begins to dawn upon the Eastern horizon, and the birds of paradise begin to warble among the branches of the trees and proclaim the advent of a new spiritual day for humanity, which begins to gleam in the horizon of the Orient. Oh, that every heart and mind may be ready to receive its influx, for according to your capacity shall ye be baptized with this spiritual baptism and meridian light, that shall lift us up with a mighty lever above the roughness and gloom of sensual and material life into climes of ethereal grandeur and everlasting delight.

BUCYRUS, O.

Our entry into this city was not heralded by a brass band, but our departure is about to occur with the whole town talking about our labors, and discussing Spiritualism, pro and con. We have created a stir and paved the way for other good, earnest and tried workers to follow with greater powers.

John the Baptist was but the herald of a greater one to follow, and we trust that such will result in this instance. We never appeared before a more critical audience than greeted us at the Opera House on Monday night, but as each day of the week vanished into the past, so did the prejudice and doubt seem to be dispelled. We have held meetings each night during the week to intelligent audiences. Our lectures have been well received, but Mrs. Kates has created a furor of comment by her tests and psychometric readings.

What seems to me so strange is that Ohio should have towns and cities requiring pioneer work in Spiritualism. In the South we find it necessary to institute missionary work; it is also needed in the North. We had the month of February, free to use in Ohio, and wrote to the principle cities and towns inquiring the possibility of our achieving any good for this cause and receiving help to do so. With but few exceptions, came the reply: "We have no organization, no means of help in you, but need a good speaker or medium. Was it necessary for a missionary from the South to discover that deplorable fact? We had always heard that Ohio was a state spiritually ripe, and that Indiana was state spiritually dead. It is no doubt known that Indiana Spiritualists employ Mrs. Kates and myself to canvass the state and assist to organize a state association which was successfully done last November. I see now that that association proposes to attend the Anniversary Celebration and Reunion to be held the last of March in Cincinnati, which is proper and right to do, but why not embrace that occasion to organize an Ohio State Association of Spiritualists?

While in Toledo, lately, some of the officers of the local society there consulted me about the practicability of making call for a state convention, and said they would join any move looking to state unity. Why not consult at the Cincinnati anniversary meeting? THE BETTER WAY can easily work this up, and also add to the success of their celebration.

Whatever your correspondent and we can do for its success, during this month and next, we will gladly do. Let us build up these local and state associations, and in good time there will be a safe and practical national one. Mrs. Kates and myself hold meetings Ashland, Ohio, February 6 and 7; in Canton, February 10, 11 and 12. Fraternal G. W. KATES

ABSURD.

I knew a girl whose common word was: "Oh, it's so absurd!"
If any incident occurred she'd say: "It's so absurd."
If I argued her when she demurred, she'd say: "You're so absurd!"
And when to her friends I referred, I'd hear: "They're quite absurd."
—A. W. Sullivan, in *Tit-Bits*.

PEARLS AND BONES.

The Wild Story of a Chicago Girl's Wonderful Necklace.

In Chicago there is a young lady who is the unwilling possessor of a necklace made of seed pearls, alternating with the finger bones of a dead Mexican lover. The story of the ghastly necklace borders on the wildly improbable. If it were not that there are many corroborating circumstances and side incidents which stamp the story as true in the main, it is not in minor detail, it would be difficult to believe it.

The lady in question is living with her brother and younger sister in a boarding house on La Salle avenue. Miss Skarriff is a blonde of the "flawless" type, and but for the nervous depression under which she is suffering, would be bright and piquant. Her hair, too reddish to be yellow and too yellowish to be red, is of just the tint to ensnare the heart of one of a race of which brunettes are the rule.

"Mercy! who told you?" was the startled exclamation of the lady when approached on the subject of the necklace. "I didn't do a thing," she rapidly continued, on the defensive. "Not a thing. I never knew they were going to fight. Oh, it was terrible—terrible!"

"Would you mind telling me about it?" "No, I can't talk. I have been advised against saying anything." It took nearly an hour to get the entire details from Miss Skarriff after her refusal to talk. In the narrative she was able to say that the younger sister, Miss Het, who seemed rather proud than otherwise of the fact that her sister had been the heroine of a bloody episode.

Four years ago John T. Skarriff went to Mexico, being connected with the introduction of telephones in the republic. A year ago last autumn the elder Miss Skarriff joined her brother, who was then at Chihuahua, to avoid the Northern winter and see something of Mexican life. She was conscious that she attracted some attention in the city, as all beautiful "Gringos" do, but was greatly surprised one day—it was in the latter part of February—to find a mature though handsome Mexican lover trying to court her in the ridiculous public Mexican fashion. She spoke to her brother about it, who laughingly told her it was all right. In fact Mr. Skarriff had been waiting on by the Mexican, Don Teodoro Viesca, with a retinue of friends, to ask the privilege of courting the fair Gringo.

As all the amorous Mexican wanted was the privilege of standing in the street under Miss Skarriff's balcony by day and making love in a language that the lady failed to understand, and standing under her window by night with a guitar and the assurance that no bootjacks would be thrown at him, the permission was readily granted, especially as Don Teodoro had a fine place in El Desierto which, with almost perfect irrigation, yielded him a good income. The Don generously overlooked the absence of the lady's dot and industriously commenced to study English and to carry off the whole Skarriff household to every entertainment and bull-fight that took place in the city. His presents to the lady were something magnificent, but he was not alone in his admiration.

A younger and better looking Mexican, Don Leonardo Zulotillo, called on Skarriff and desired the privilege of twanging his guitar under the fair lady's window, weather permitting. He was poor, but had great prospects, and would have a good income, from the Mexican standpoint, when some one or other died, or somebody paid for cart in mines, or when there was another revolution, or something of the sort. Skarriff was fond of a joke, and encouraged the younger and more impetuous man in hopes of seeing a little fun. Miss Skarriff now maintains that she did not understand the situation, but confesses to having liked Don Leonardo's music and Don Teodoro's presents about equally well. She probably flirted with both, not caring for either. The double-barreled courtship could not last long.

There were numerous encounters between the rivals, but nothing serious. Show nights the richer suitor had things his way, for Don Leonardo was too poor to take a whole family to a high-priced concert. Serenade nights the young man got around early, preempted the only available space under the balcony and trilled Spanish love songs till the stars grew pale. Then Don Teodoro went to Skarriff and demanded that his rights as an accepted suitor be protected. Don Leonardo made the same demand, though less positively, for in spite of his poverty he felt more secure. Then Skarriff, who presumably grew tired of the sport, told the rivals that in the States the father or elder brother had very little to say in the matter of settling marriages, and that it rested almost entirely with the lady. She could do what she pleased, and his sister was no exception to the rule. Such heresy shocked the old Don and pleased the young one. Neither would give up.

Miss Skarriff was clever enough to insist that the Mexican customs of courtship be strictly adhered to, and thus neither suitor had opportunity to see her without the presence of a third person, usually her brother. Things began to grow critical. One day both Mexicans appeared and gravely announced that they had agreed to adopt the American plan and leave it to the lady. Their understanding of the "American plan" was not very clear. There had been grievous mistakes all around owing to differences in the "plans" of Mexican and American matrimonial procedure. This should be all set right by the lady. Would she indicate which of the suitors she would marry? Then the other could go his way in sorrow.

Called upon suddenly to choose between the two Mexicans, both standing before her, more than Miss Skarriff had bargained for, especially as she intended to marry neither. She looked from one to another in bewilderment. Both were pale and haggard and desperately

In earnest. She grew scared and ended the painful interview by flight. The two rivals looked at each other with the same idea. It was plain to them the lady had no intention for either or was equally in love with both. It was thus left with them to decide the question as to which way to have her. There was only one way—the duel.

It was not an ordinary provocation nor an ordinary duel. There seemed to be but little anger in it, the purpose being a serious desire to remove the misunderstanding from the blunder of courting a Yankee girl in the Mexican fashion. There were to be servants present, but no seconds. Weapons, pistols, and a fight to the death. In Don Teodoro provided that in the event of his falling he would bequeath a princely pearl necklace to the bride of his rival, not to be outdone, but without money to buy gems, in a burst of ghastly devotion would that should he fall the bones of his fingers were to be taken and bleached until they were as white as Teodoro's pearls, when they were to be made into a necklace and presented to the bride. These details were only learned by subsequent events. The two men retired to El Desierto and sought a dueling ground on Don Teodoro's estate.

It was early morning when the little affair came off. Teodoro's peon and Leonardo's servant were ordered to retire behind a grove. There was a wait of a few moments then two almost simultaneous shots were heard. The two servants not hearing any thing more ventured out to the field. The heavy smoke hung in the grass. They hurried to the spot. Don Teodoro was stone dead. Don Leonardo was dying. Near the men was a flask of mescal and two leather cups. The rivals had drunk a health, whose can be guessed, before firing the fatal shots.

The disappearance of the two men caused but little comment in Chihuahua, as it was believed that Don Teodoro had been called up the country on business. Concerning the movements of Leonardo there was no particular interest, and he was only missed by a few intimate friends. About a month after the disappearance, just as Miss Skarriff was congratulating herself that she was well rid of both suitors, a peon appeared.

He bore with him a curious three-cornered box of carved wood. He left it with the lady, making no explanations. On opening it she discovered the necklace. She recognized the pearls, but could not understand the meaning of the strange bits of bone that alternated with them, and took the present to her brother. He examined it, and guessing, though by no means sure, the character of the gift, at once set out to find the messenger.

The peon would say nothing except that it was sent with compliments of Don Teodoro Viesca and Don Leonardo Zulotillo. The coupling of the names of the two rivals confirmed the opinion that it was something extraordinary. He pled the peon with mescal, and by degrees got more information. The bones were from Don Leonardo's fingers. The pearls were from Don Teodoro. There was a curse on the gift. The lady must wear it. If not the specters would appear to her. The latter part of this was, of course, nonsense and was the result of mescal on the superstitious and imaginative peon. Skarriff was angry, and indiscreetly told his sister every thing.

The shock brought about a fit of sickness, and instead of laughing at it she treated the part about the curse seriously. She could not bear to have the necklace with her and did not dare to part with it. As soon as she was able to travel they returned to Chicago. A week in Chicago somewhat restored her shattered nerves, and Mr. Skarriff, being of a frugal turn, ventured to take the pearls and sell them to a prominent jeweler here. The pearls were placed in a cigar box and buried on the shore of the lake in Lincoln Park. That night Miss Skarriff had a dream—she claims it was a vision—in which Don Leonardo appeared and played a guitar, but without any hands. She claims that she could hear the music, but the hands were invisible, and all she could see were the bloody stumps. Naturally she was utterly prostrated. Two well-known physicians, one eminent in the treatment of nervous diseases, were called.

In vain did they assure Miss Skarriff that her dream was the result of a disordered nervous system, together with the strong belief that something of the kind would happen. Similar cases were cited to prove this view of the case, but to no effect. She insisted that she would not dare to keep until the necklace was restored to her. Mr. Skarriff then went to the jeweler, who does a genteel pawn-broking business on this side, and asked to have the pearls back. The latter had a bargain and refused to part with them except at an enormous advance. Skarriff left in despair and returned again with one of the physicians, who explained that it was a case of life and death. The whole story was told, but it only resulted in stiffening the backbone of the local pearl market.

Then the doctor, being a man of fertile expedients, threatened to give the story to the newspapers, a proceeding, he explained, which would not only spoil the sale of the pearls in question, but would put every gem of that kind in his stock under suspicion. Who would buy pearls with a curse hanging over them? This gave a new aspect to the case, and the dealer, after some thought, grudgingly received the original price back and gave up the goods. He was disgusted, and it was through him that this story leaked out. Mr. Skarriff had considerable difficulty in finding the buried cigar box, but secured it after several long searches, and the lady is now sure that she will see no more ghosts as long as the triangular box and its contents are in her possession. She is to be taken to New York and placed under treatment for nervous diseases, in hope that her hallucination may be dispelled.—N. Y. Graphic.

Cranks at the German Capital.

The number of deranged people trying to gain access to the Emperor of Germany is remarkable. Hardly a day passes without such an occurrence. The other day two such unfortunates entered the palace simultaneously. It was a man and a woman. The latter was the wife of a poor boatman, asserting that she was a near relative of the Emperor's and had to see him after years of absence. The man was well dressed with a look of distinction about him, and a flow of white hair on his head and long whiskers, altogether a venerable-looking, symmetrical figure. He said he had engaged to marry the daughter of the King of Italy, and being a German and a subject of the Emperor he had to obtain His Majesty's permission before perfecting the marriage. Both persons were taken to the insane ward of the Hospital of the Charite at Berlin.

THE RESURRECTIONIST.

How an English Caddy Earned the Right to That Queer Title.

"The rumor at start I over heard of," said the patriarchal driver, for the benefit of the Liverpool Courier, "is that that caused a cabman, who was dead now, to be known as the 'Resurrectionist.' He was a day man, and was going home about eleven o'clock with his four-wheeler, and stopped for a last drink at a public house, when a man who was at the bar spoke to him. The man said he was in trouble. He had lost a child, and, being out of employment, he had no means of burying it, and of all things he was anxious to avoid the disgrace of having it buried by the parish. He had managed to buy a coffin, he said, and his idea was to take it at night time to some cemetery and bury it himself in consecrated ground."

"And if you are agreeable to take me and the little box as far as—cemetery," he says, "I will willingly give you a crown for your trouble. I'd carry it there myself, only it might be awkward if I was stopped with a coffin in my possession."

"It was a queer kind of a job, but the cabman had had luck all day, and it was five shillings easily earned, and he agreed on condition that the coffin was a only little one."

"She was only nine months old when she died, pretty creature," said the chap, wiping his eyes with his coat cuff, "and small at that."

"So the cabman staid on the corner, and presently the chap came back with the little coffin in a black bag, and with a garden spade under his coat. They drove to the cemetery and round to the back part of it, and the chap, having put the coffin over the palings, climbed over himself. He wasn't very long gone, and when he returned he gave the cabman a crown."

"I shan't ride back with you," says he. "The job has upset my nerves, and I shall be better for a walk."

"So he went off, and the cabman, beginning with this time to think there was something wrong about the business, took one of his lamps and looked into the cab. And there on a mat was a lady's gold necklace, new, and with the shop ticket still on it, and an odd ear-ring as well, which was also new. He was quite sure now that there was something wrong, and, after having a short drive around while he thought it over, he came back to the cemetery paling and got over at the same spot the chap had, taking a lamp with him, and found, as he had expected, that it was easy to trace the footprints in the soft earth from the place where the chap had jumped, and he traced on till they came to an end and then kicked up the loose soil, and hardly a foot deep was the little coffin buried in the bag. As soon as he lifted it he was made aware by a clinking sound inside that he was not far out in his suspicion, and without staying to open it he drives with it straight to the police station, and there it was found it contained more than £700 worth of jewelry that had been stolen from a shop in the West End a few nights before, and the chap got took on the cabman's description of him and received seven years; and the cabman, who was ever afterward known as the Resurrectionist, he got £100 from the jeweler, and there is no doubt the money was the death of him," said the narrator, the meeting breaking up, and we all rising to take our leave; "he got him into drinking habits, and never got out of 'em till they settled him."

THE HOWLING APE.

A Noisy Monster Which Would Never Be the Pet of a Beauty Show.

There are eight species of apes in Dutch Guiana. The most conspicuous of them, says the *Popular Science Monthly*, is the howling ape, which is also one of the best-known, and largest of the races. It is called a baboon in the colony, alouatta by the Caribs and Itoi by the Arawaks. When standing up it is about three feet high, and weighs about twenty pounds. It lives in both the coast regions and the interior, and eats fruits, leaves and buds. Its big, scantily-haired body; the thick, tawny skin of its back, passing into a purple-brown at the back of the head and the feet; its black face, with a strong, set of teeth, and the prominence under its neck, covered with a long yellow beard, altogether make it one of the ugliest apes of tropical America. It lives in small troops of rarely more than twelve individuals, among which is always to be found an old, full-grown male, which takes a higher place on the tree than the others, and leads the lucubrious concert by which these apes are so broadly distinguished from other species. The windpipe of the male is much stronger and more complicated than that of any other ape, and is composed of bone substance of about the size of a goose-egg, which is set in the hollow of the under jaw. It looks from without like a wen, and acts as a sounding-board to strengthen the voice to an almost incredible extent. The females have a similar apparatus, but only about an inch in size. I do not know what it is that prompts the animal to set up its great cry. It is believed in the colony that it cries out only when the flood-tide begins, but this is wrong, for these apes howl at all times of day, and quite as much in the interior of the country, where there can be no tides. There may be some atmospheric influence which provokes the male's howl, while the females join in with them. I have had opportunities to hear this howling a great many times, and to observe the howlers from a very close vicinity. Every time there sat an old male up in a tree, supporting himself on his fore feet, and having his long tail, naked of hair on the inside for about nine inches from the end, black and smooth as a hand, wrapped around a limb, while other males, females and young sat beneath him in a variety of positions. All at once the old fellow would set up a horrible rattling "Ro-oh, ro-oh," which, after five or six repetitions, passed into a howling in which all the others would join, and which was loud enough to make one afraid of losing his hearing.

How the Money Goes.

The people of the United States spend the following sums annually: For missions, \$5,000,000; education, \$5,000,000; sugar and molasses, \$15,000,000; boots and shoes, \$100,000,000; cotton goods, \$210,000,000; lumber, \$230,000,000; wooden goods, \$267,000,000; iron and steel, \$290,000,000; meat, \$300,000,000; tobacco, \$350,000,000; bread, \$600,000,000; liquors, \$900,000,000. Total, \$2,961,000,000. The people expend about one third as much for liquor as they do for all other things combined. The expenditures yearly are more than the public debt at the end of the war.

WOMEN'S HEALTH.

It Is Undermined by a Wrong System of Education.

How the Girls of To-Day Are Educated and Why the Healthy and Elasticity of Youth Disappear—A Practical Remedy Suggested.

We hear a great deal of the superior educational attainments which the young people of the present day have over the young people of the past, writer Mary J. Holmes in the *New York Medical Record*. And unquestionably this is true, for there are more schools, more textbooks, more hours devoted to study, clearer methods of instruction it may be, with possibly better teachers than formerly, when, except in a few of the States, none of the schools were free and people paid for what they had. As a natural sequence, then, we should have far better scholars under the new regime than under the old. But I do not think this is so, and I believe there were more really thorough scholars turned out from the schools years ago than are produced to-day with all the modern improvements in teaching and learning. And the fault lies in the system which crowds into four or five years what ought to occupy double that length of time, and puts upon the girl so much that her mind becomes enfeebled and she forgets to-morrow what she has learned to-day.

I know perfectly well that I shall probably be called old and old, if not a crank, for presuming to think that any thing in the past can be better than the present. But I insist that the forcing system, as practiced in our schools, is conducive neither to good education, good health, nor to beauty of face or form. To learn many things indifferently and none well is now the practice in most of our public schools, where so many of our girls spend six hours of the day trying in vain to translate some obscure passage in Virgil, or to solve some difficult problem in algebra. Nor does the hard study end with the six hours' close confinement, varied only by a change from one classroom to another, or the climbing of stairs, which sooner or later is sure to tell upon the physical frame. Where there are so many lessons to be learned, and so long, there is scarcely any leisure for exercise in the open air or recreation of any kind, no time for home intercourse, or duties and those talks with mother or grandmother which in after years will be so precious to the woman and remembered long after Cicero and Euclid are laid upon the shelf.

With the lighting of the gas the study hour begins, and from seven to ten and even later the girl bends over her books until the words run together and her eyes grow dim and her mind dimmer, so that she has no clear conception of what she has learned, or rather committed, for oftentimes it is nothing more than a committing to be repeated parrot-like next day and then lost entirely as water runs through a sieve. The stomach can not be overworked without rebelling, nor can the brain be overtaxed without a protest; and a tired brain is harder to manage than an overloaded stomach. Look at some of the girls who are struggling with too many and too long lessons, trying to keep up and pass from grade to grade so as to be graduated at last and declared educated. Hollow-eyed, haggard and pale, and often high-shouldered from stooping so constantly over their books, they seem to have lost all their beauty and elasticity of youth, and to be growing prematurely old. Mark, too, how many wear spectacles as a proof of impaired eyesight. And why not? The eye is a delicate organ, which will cry out when abused, and once seriously injured I do not believe it can be fully restored. Of this I have proof in my own experience. In my eagerness to read Corinne in French I studied night after night, when I should have been in bed, using Meadows' fine-print dictionary until the words became like blood before my eyes, which have never since been strong. I do not know that I am willing to say the same of my mind, which was once so weakened by being too long in school that just to glance at a book produced a sensation like looking cross-eyed, and I actually forgot my name. This is an extreme case, of course, and one which, fortunately, was remedied by a few weeks in the fields and meadows among the new-mown hay, the perfume of which comes back to me now as I write with the same sweetness as when it brought a sense of healing to my tired brain.

A young married woman, who was for years a student in a graded school, told me that her room-mate was in the habit of taking very strong tea at night in order to keep herself awake, her lessons were so long and difficult. What kind of nerves or health would a girl have who continued this practice for any length of time? No wonder that so many break down with nervous prostration, forgetting all they have learned and unable to grasp any thing clearly and well. A married lady whose children have been through the cramming process likens it to a salad, which I think is a good name. A brain salad, composed of rhetoric and philosophy, and algebra and geometry, German and Latin, and a multiplicity of other branches which the girl must take up if she would at the last be graduated and receive her diploma. And in not one of these is she thorough, for how can she know much of a subject to which she has only given three or six months' time?

What remedy would you propose? I asked, and I reply: A longer course of instruction, with shorter lessons and more time for recreation and general reading, so that our girls, when finished, will know who Peter the Great was, and whether Boston is in Massachusetts or Maine. Such ignorance seems absurd, but I know something like it to be a fact in the case of one or two young ladies who had studied many things and had a smattering of Latin and possibly of Greek, but in all essential points of learning they were lamentably deficient and were fair samples of the system I am condemning.

A Sweet Little Milk-Cart.

Two New Orleans young ladies who did it suddenly necessary to work for a living have opened a dairy and sell milk. They have a sweet little cart, and every morning bright and early may be seen driving down the avenues behind their bright tin cans and pails. There is no better field of work for a Southern woman than that offered by the dairy and poultry business, by vegetable gardening and small fruit farming, and by floriculture.

PUZZLED ARTISTS.

A Ghostly Manifestation Which Can Not Be Explained by Anybody.

A photograph was taken in a sitting-room up-town a few weeks ago, says the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, that has been puzzling amateur and professional photographers ever since. The artist was W. Curtis Taylor, one of the most experienced photographers in the city, and the subject was a group of eighteen young ladies. It was not a good picture because several of the ladies moved, and Mr. Taylor had the flash again, but he finished up the negatives and took a proof-print from it, and then he saw several queer things in it.

On the extreme right of the group one lady stood partly a-just a white door, while another lady sat directly in front of her. The clear outlines of their faces show that neither of these ladies changed her position during the exposure of the plate; nevertheless the edge of the door-frame, which appears above their heads, is continued, without a break, down through the hair of the lady who is standing, just misses her eye and loses itself in her chin; while the paneling of the door shows through her shoulder and through the hair of the old lady sitting in front of her.

Two ladies stood against the closed shutters of a bay window. Both their faces show distinctly in the photograph, but the lines of the molding appear through the hair of both. The light struck this section of the window. The other ladies stood—one against a dark section of the window, the other against a part of the frame which shows light. Both faces are badly blurred, but in neither case do the lines behind them appear on their portraits.

In all these cases in which these young ladies appear so alarmingly transparent, photographers say there is only one way to account for the mystery—high lights behind them to impress themselves on the sensitive plate, which they will do, under certain circumstances, like a flash. The obvious fact that to do this some of them, especially the lady first mentioned, must have swung their heads and shoulders through an arc of forty-five degrees is not permitted to interfere with the hypothesis.

But the hypothesis, such as it is, breaks down completely before the problem presented by the central figure of the group—a lady sitting in a deep, comfortable arm chair with a solid back of wicker-work. She could not have moved out of that chair without falling out, and her beautifully clear portrait, the best in the group, shows that she must have sat like a statue; yet through her face, through her neck and through her body, all the way down to her waist, the wicker plating of the chair is seen almost as distinct as if there were nothing between it and the lens. The lady's body appears as a dark shadow projected on the lighter surface of the chair.

When asked to explain the phenomenon Mr. Taylor promptly gave it up. The proof has passed through the hands of a number of photographers, both professional and amateur, and was discussed at the recent meeting of the Amateur Photographers' Society, and always with the same result. As a last resource it was submitted to A. K. P. Trask, the photographer of the Seybert Commission, who has made a special study of ghostly photography, and can turn out "spirit photographs" in any quantity to order. He accepted the movement hypothesis as to the hair and window lines, but when his attention was called to the wicker chair he confessed it was beyond his philosophy, and he could not account for it.

This is the way the case now stands. The photograph can not be accounted for under any of the known laws of matter; though it may have something to do with the "fourth dimension" for which some theorists contend. It is not a "spirit photograph," for if it were Mr. Trask would recognize it, and, besides, building materials and articles of furniture do not have spirits. None of the known laws of optics seem to meet the case, and for the present it remains a curious scientific problem.

A MONSTER SERPENT.

The Creature's Abode in an Extinct Crater of New Mexico.

This section of the country, says a letter from San Marcel, N. M., has been considerably aroused from time to time by the conflicting reports of Mexicans, who say that the extinct crater to the east of the plains, known as the "Jornado del Muerto," about twenty-five miles from this place, is the abode of a monster serpent, second in size only to that huge reptile of the seas that has been so often spoken of by mariners and others. It is reported by some to be fifty one hundred feet in length and about two feet in circumference, but probably the most trustworthy information is that given by a Mr. Alexander, who possesses some mining property in the San Andres mountains, which lies to the east of this broad plain. Mr. Alexander says that he saw the serpent once while crossing the Jornada on the way to his mines. He was about half way across the plain, jogging leisurely along behind his burro, dreaming of the immense wealth that he hoped to realize from his property, when suddenly the burro stopped, erected its long ears, whined dully around, and made a mad stampede in the opposite direction. Mr. Alexander was at a loss to account for this strange freak of the burro, and was about to start in pursuit of the runaway when he chanced to look ahead. Then his eyes gazed upon the monster. He was so beside himself with fear at first, he says, that his nerves were completely paralyzed, his hair stood on end, and move he could not; he was rooted to the spot, and his eyes were fixed upon the serpent. It was about a quarter of a mile from him, and was traveling in the opposite direction—toward the crater. He says it appeared to be about sixty feet in length, but what surprised him most was the queer proportions of the creature. The fore parts were of enormous size, its head being fully as large as a barrel. A few feet behind the creature's head two large scales were visible which glittered in the sun like polished shields; further back were two huge claws on either side, about two feet apart, which were all the monster had in the shape of feet. The rest of its body was comparatively small, and tapering to the end of its tail. It traveled at a rapid gait, sometimes rearing its whole body up from the ground, and walked on its four claws. He watched it till it disappeared over a little hill, and then he started to look after his burro.

The Mexicans have the most deadly fear of the creature, and will not venture within miles of it, there being a popular tradition among them that it is the abode of some terrible serpent. The Mexicans assure that on one occasion a descent of the crater was made by three men, and as none of them returned it was generally believed they were devoured by the monster.

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SOME DEADLY DRUGS.

Their Properties as Destroyers of Human Life.

Poisons That Act Almost Instantaneously and Others That Cause Intense Suffering—Explainer Stanley's Discovers Every of Straphantus.

With the view of ascertaining the variety and destructive characteristics of the many mineral and vegetable poisons on the market, a reporter for the *Chicago Lake-Crosser* yesterday interviewed a prominent druggist with the following result:

"Which drug will cause death with the least amount of pain?"

"Morphine. In ordinary cases one and one-half to two grains of this opiate will cause death. Shortly after it is swallowed it causes a barely perceptible griping of the stomach. After the world-wide use of it is thoroughly under the influence all pain ceases, and unless interference follows death is inevitable. It is altogether painless. If he be discovered, however, and efforts at resuscitation are made, then his sufferings must necessarily be intense. The only mode of ridding the suicide of the specific influence is by torture. He must be kept awake, and to accomplish this end clapping, crowding, and any method of torture convenient at hand should be employed."

"What drug acts most promptly in destroying life?"

"It is generally conceded, I believe, that hydrocyanic, or prussic acid, as it is more commonly called, stands foremost for rapidity of action. It is a colorless, transparent, inflammable, liquid, of extreme volatility. Its odor is similar to that emitted by peach kernels, or bitter almonds, and is so strong that it produces immediate headache and giddiness. Its vapor is so deleterious that the smallest portion of it can not be inhaled without the greatest danger. Its extraordinary death-producing powers may be more readily comprehended when it is said that one and one-half grains of the undiluted acid will produce death in a few seconds. Sometimes death occurs instantaneously. It has a direct action on the heart in most cases, but not infrequently death is produced by asphyxia, brought on by a direct paralyzing action of the poison upon the respiratory centers. Notwithstanding the tremendous and almost incalculable energy of this acid as a poison, it is one of the most useful medicines, when in a diluted state, the profession has at hand. From one-one-hundredth to one-twenty-fifth of a grain is the dose usually prescribed by our physicians, and then it is properly diluted.

"Cyanide of potassium is a compound of prussic acid, and acts precisely like the acid as a poison and as a medicine. Its potency is suggested when it is remarked that five grains have repeatedly taken life."

"Among the vegetable poisons perhaps the most powerful is the alkaloid derived from aconite and called aconite. One-fifth of a grain of the pure alkaloid will produce death. It is hardly necessary to state what an extremely small particle one-fifth of a grain is. On the point of a knife a powerful hand-glass would have to be called into requisition to discover this quantity. When taken in poisonous doses, the characteristic properties of this drug are a peculiar tingling in the mouth, not at all unpleasant, burning heat in the stomach, violent nausea, vomiting and purging, headache, dimness of vision, contracted or expanded pupils, muscular spasms, cold extremities, and feeble pulse. Death ensues shortly. This poison is justly unpopular for suicidal purposes."

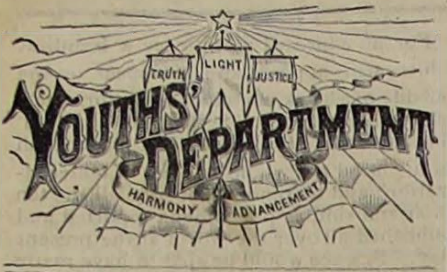
"Of the more popular poisons used for self-destruction is strychnine, an alkaloid prepared from the plant *nuxvomica* and ignatia. Strychnine, like aconite and prussic acid, will produce death in very minute doses. Poisonous doses usually excite not only speedy, but very sudden symptoms—convulsions, affecting all the voluntary muscles, painful reflex in character, and interrupted by periods of complete relaxation. Strychnine, too, is a very painful poison, by reason of the fact that consciousness remains undisturbed, and the suicide is mentally as well as physically awake to all the suffering attendant thereon. One grain will suffice to kill the most robust man, as it terminates in asphyxia and the most violent convulsions. No bitter is this drug that one grain in a barrel of water is perceptible to the taste."

Explorer Stanley is responsible for the introduction in the market of another deadly poison—stryphantus. This is of so recent discovery that it is doubtful if, as yet, a death has occurred in the United States from its use. It is found in South Africa and the natives poison their arrows by steeping them in a decoction of the seed. Its action is similar to digitalis, which it is rapidly superseding as a heart stimulant. It is very powerful, and is administered only in extremely small doses.

"Bichloride of mercury, usually called corrosive sublimate, is another of the popular mineral poisons used in committing suicide. It produces burning heat in the throat, violent pain in the stomach, excessive thirst, nausea, small and frequent pulse, difficult respiration, cramps in the extremities, insensibility, convulsions and death. Anywhere from one to three grains is sufficient to kill. In their general effects in poisoning doses the various mineral acids, such as sulphuric and nitric, are closely allied to corrosive sublimate. Carbolio acid also produces similar effects. Other common mineral poisons are phosphorus, chloroform, antimony, salts of lead and copper, ammonia, and iodine."

"The more common vegetable poisons comprise atropine, an alkaloid derived from belladonna, or deadly nightshade; hyocyanine, digitalis, or foxglove; physostigma, or Calabar bean; Lithium, almonds and conium."

As that man can not set a right value upon health who has never known sickness, nor feel the blessing of ease who has been through life a stranger to pain, so there can be no confirmed and passionate love of truth for him who has not experienced the hollowness of error.—[Coleridge.



A Song for a Boy.

Keep ahead of the world if you can, my boy,
'Tis the only sure way to succeed.
If you're far behind, 'twill be hard to get back
To the spot where you once had the lead;
And there's no way to win in the battle of life,
So easy, so safe, and so sure,
As to have a few dollars ahead of your wants—
For most of life's ills 'tis the cure.

But you never get dollars till you first get pence,
As from acorns the mighty oaks grow;
Work hard, and work ever, and save as you toil,
No matter if your purse seems slow;
Thus be true to yourself in the years of your youth,
And you'll rest without a cry when old;
Save the pennies to-day, into silver they'll turn,
And the silver will grow into gold.

Let the fools try to top you to pleasures to-day
That'll take the small coin from your purse,
Store your brain in the hours they give to the world
With knowledge, you'll not be the worse;
For labor, and study, and saving in youth,
Will give rest and content when you're old,
And the pennies to-day will be silver full on,
And the silver will grow into gold.

Fair Italy lies on the Alps' farther side,
'Tis the place we have dreamed of all day,
But those Alps must be climbed by the stout limbs
Of youth.
Ere by Tibet we pass ages away;
So work, my brave boy, in the years of your strength,
If you want rest and plenty when old—
Take care of the pennies, to silver they'll turn,
And the silver will grow into gold.

—(Detroit Free Press.)

Johnny.

Johnny was in disgrace. "Drandma" had set him down uncomfortably hard in his little wooden chair by the fireplace and told him not to move one inch right or left till she came back; she also told him to think over how naughty he had been all day; but some way it seemed easier just then to think over his grandma's shortcomings.

He looked through his tears at the candle in the tall silver candlestick, and by half-shutting his eyes he could make three candles. Then he looked out of the window. The snow was falling fast as it had been all day.

"Drandma!" he called, but the old lady was busy in the next room, and could not or would not hear him; so he walked to the door and said: "Drandma, may I sweep a path for drandpa?"

This time "drandma" did hear and see him, too. He was brought back and reseated, with marks of flour here and there on his little checked apron.

We must not blame grandma too much; it was a very long time since she was a child, and Johnny, to use her own words, "had almost worn her soul out of her."

When Johnny's mother died his home was in New York, and while Johnny sat in his little chair by the fireplace he was thinking of New York, if he ever should see it again—the great stores with their bright windows, and above all, hear the never-ending bustle and hum that would drown the noise of twenty clocks like grandpa's. Johnny couldn't remember his mother, then, or he would have cried for her. He saw his father only once a month; he was making money very fast in the dingy little office away down town in New York, and spending it almost as fast in a house away up town for Johnny's new mamma, and, with Plowfield so far away, it was no wonder Johnny's father was always on the move. He ought to have been there that very day; the heavy snow perhaps had prevented; that was one reason why Johnny had been so naughty.

"Drandma," he cried, "I wish I'd smashed the bowl to-day when I split the cream!"

Grandma didn't say anything for fear Johnny would know she was laughing.

He grew more and more indignant; he never in his life felt so naughty. He thought of all the rebellious things he had ever heard of, and making a few choice selections, mentioned them to his grandmother, and she, laughing, stored them away to tell grandpa, consoling herself with the idea that if he was bad he wasn't stupid.

Suddenly, among other brilliant ideas, came the thought that sometimes boys ran away; Mike's boy Jerry ran away (Mike was the man who worked for grandpa, and he didn't have any money, and Johnny had fifteen cents; besides, when he got on the cars he could tell the conductor to charge it to his father; he came from New York every month).

He listened till he heard grandpa go to the shed for wood, and before she came back her small grandson was some distance from the house in the deep snow, putting on his coat and tying his comforter over his ears.

As he looked back and saw the shadow of grandpa as she put down the wood, he said: "I guess I'll make her cry pretty soon."

After the wood grandpa seemed to find quite a number of things either to put up or take down, so for a little while Johnny was forgotten. Did you ever notice that grandmothers, and mothers, too, are always begging for a little quiet, yet if they ever get a bit, nothing seems to make them more uneasy?

Grandma thought Johnny was unusually still—he never was still except when asleep, so grandpa naturally supposed him asleep.

"Poor little fellow! he has left his chair," she thought, "and is asleep on the lounge." So she was not alarmed when she saw the little empty chair, but when no Johnny appeared on the lounge nor anywhere in the room she felt worried.

"Johnny!" she called all through the house and wood shed. Then she missed the little coat, cap, and comforter.

"If he has gone to meet his grandpa he'll freeze to death. Oh, why didn't I amuse him till his grandpa came?" she thought. She opened the door and tried to call, but a cloud of snow beat her back. Wrapping herself heavily, she started down the white road she thought Johnny had taken. She had nearly reached the depot. She heard the train, she saw the glare of the great lamp on the engine, though the glass that covered it was half hidden by the blinding snow; she heard a sleigh coming toward her; the bells came nearer and nearer, and the sleigh stopped.

"Where are you going, my good woman? It's a rough night for a woman to be out."

Any other time how grandma would have laughed. Grandpa didn't know his own wife.

"Take her in, father," said another voice. It was Johnny's father that spoke.

"Oh, Johnny's lost!" she cried, as she tottered into the sleigh. "He will freeze before we can find him."

The old lady was taken home, and grandpa and Johnny's father started off, quite naturally in the wrong direction, for Johnny.

For a while Johnny went on manfully; but soon his little fingers and toes began to beg him to go back. He refused to notice their petition, and wished grandma could see him, as the wind whirled him round and almost buried him in the snow. He thought he had gone about ten miles when he heard bells. He turned to one side for the sleigh to pass, when he heard a voice he knew.

"Oh, Jerry," he cried, "please take me in!"

Jerry stopped and asked, "Who are you?"

"I'm Johnny," said our small hero, quite meekly.

"And where may ye be bound to, Johnny?" said Jerry.

"To the depot. I'm going to New York," said Johnny, who thought this a mild way to tell Jerry he was running away.

"This road never took any one to the depot, Jacky. If I hadn't come this way, y'd been froze stiff in the moribund!"

Here Jerry rolled his eyes in a dreadful manner and trembled like one terribly frightened. Johnny would have cried hard, but he remembered how brave Jerry was when he ran away; so he winked hard to keep back his tears and said:

"Do you think I shall 'faze' now, Jerry?" Jerry thought not, if he minded him. So he lifted him into the sleigh, and they drove on.

"Is this the depot?" asked Johnny, when they stopped.

"Ye be hard on the depot. This is my house," said Jerry.

As he opened the door his mother said: "I've looked after yez since the 'ark, and what have ye there?" as she saw Johnny.

Mike, Jerry's father, sat by the stove, and there was a baby on the floor. Johnny thought he had never seen such a funny place.

He liked the baby best, although its yellow flannel night dress was dirty; but it wasn't quite his idea of a baby.

"What shall we do with him, Mike?" said the lady of the house, as she saw Johnny's head bobbing and his eyes closing.

"I thought y'd kape him here till the next train for New York," said Jerry laughing.

Mike laid down his pipe and began to put on his coat.

"Is it to go out again that yez will, this awful night, Mike?" said Maggie.

"Lay him on the bed; lay him to sleep here to-night, Maggie. 'I'll go and make it aisy wid the old folks," said Mike.

He found grandma sitting before the fireplace. Bottles of all sizes stood on the table, and blankets hung on chairs by the fire. The old lady's face was pale, and Mike afterwards told Maggie, "The hands of her shawl like a tale, and he had the same look on her that she had when they told her Johnny's mother was dead. And when I told her the boy was safe wid yez here—Ah, Maggie, she's a leddy!" said Mike, lowering his voice.

"Well, what did she say?" said Maggie.

"She said I had better sit down an ate some supper, to warm meself," said Mike.

Five minutes after they had learned where Johnny was, his grandfather and father were standing over him in Mike's house, standing over him and the baby in the yellow flannel night dress, for they were both in one bed, and Johnny's father saw them about as clearly as Johnny had seen the candle.

The family were thanked individually and collectively, from Mike down to the baby, who, when they left, was covered with sweet meats and toys brought from New York for Johnny. —M. Nicholas.

Fairbairn Minn.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I wish to tell you of a young medium, who has lately come among us from Oshkosh, Wisconsin. His name is Henry H. Warner. He speaks under control very finely; he also gives tests, both written and description. He gave three lectures, of an hour's duration each on Sunday, at the residence of Mr. Nicholas Travis, and the people seemed much pleased. One of the tests was that there were present a large number of friends unknown to the medium, and on their entering the circle room, he called them all by their proper names and assigned them seats in the circle. He had had no introduction to them, and had not even heard their names.

He described persons, and gave names and wrote some messages in verse and some were spoken. All went away with a written communication from the other side, many of them in poetry. I am an old Spiritualist and have seen in my day many mediums and must say he bids fair to walk in the foremost ranks of inspirational speakers and test mediums.

Truly Yours,
Mrs. L. H. HATRAWAY.

January 28, 1888.

"Two Sinners."

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There was a man, it was said one time,
Who went astray in his youth and time,
And the bright keep cool and the heart keep quiet,
When the blood is a river that is running riot!
And boys will be boys the old folks say,
And a man's the better who's had his day.

The sinner reformed, the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold,
And a bright people there open the door,
With a warm welcome than ever before.
With a heart and honor was his command,
And a spot of sin gave him his hand,
And the crowd strewed their pathway with flowers
Crying, "God bless lady and God bless groom!"

There was a maiden, went astray
In the golden days of her life's young day;
She had more passion and heart than head,
And she folk wed lightly where fond love led,
And she was unchained a dangerous guide,
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no door opened to let her in;
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
And a bright people there open the door,
For this is the law of earth, we know,
That the woman is scorned, while the man may go
A brave man wedded her, after all,
But the world said frowning, "We shall not call!"

De Wines' Stan.

Now, I've got a notion in my head that when you come to die,
You'll stand the examination in do cote-house in de sky.
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's gwine to ax
When he gets you in de witness stan' an' pin you to de fact.

'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doins in de night,
An' de water melon question's gwine to bodder you a sight!
Den yer eyes 'll open wider dan dey eber done befo'!

When he chate you 'bout a chicken scrape dat happened long ago!
De angel on de picket line, erlong de Milky Way,
Keep a watchin' what you're doin' 'at, an' hearin' what you say.

No matter what you want to do, no matter what you's gwine,
Dey's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de line.
An' den at de meetin' when you make a fuss an' laugh,
Why dey send de news a-killin' by de golden telegraph.

Den you axed in de ords, what's a settin' by de gate,
Jes' reads de message wid a look and claps it on de slate.
Den you better do your duty well an' keep your conscience clear.

An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' what you steer,
'Cause arter while de time 'll come to journey fum de lan'.

An' dey 'll take you way up in de air, an' put you on de stan'.

Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an' answer mighty quick,
Er you eber 'speck' to trahle from de all-laster gate!

—J. A. MACON in Century.

Written for The Better Way.

Let us be true to ourselves.

Let all Spiritualists and mediums be true to their own souls advancement, then they will not be bothered with foolishness or fraud.

Let us ever bear in mind that we also are spirits and immortal minds, as much as any who passed beyond; and that our higher aim should be to develop these spirits of ours into higher life, knowledge and power; that no individual spirit from the inner life can or should be an absolute dictum to our own individualities. Let us hold ourselves toward the outer, knowing as we must that all grades of intelligence and classes of human development have passed and are passing beyond.

Spiritualism is cursed with too much credulity. There are some who would sooner take the most absurd advice from a disembodied spirit, rather than the most sound from an embodied one. This great tendency to believe that the people on the other side must know so much more than the people on this, is one of the main springs to all that has been detrimental to Spiritualism to-day.

There are too many mediums who trust exclusively to some one control, who sometimes tell great truths and sometimes greater falsehoods. Now, if all mediums would recognize the grandeur of their mission and never consent to be made a tool of by Tom, Dick, or Harry, they would do themselves and the world at large a lasting benefit.

The theory that evil spirits need to come back through us in order to get enlightenment I consider a very mischievous one, for the supposition must be that there are thousands of advanced minds in the spirit life who are able, willing, and more competent than we to educate the ignorant in their own world out of wrong. There are perhaps instances where some spirits need to make reparation for ill done in the body to some one still in this life, and of course such can only do so by coming through a medium.

We know of some who say "Oh, well; he is a medium," in order to excuse some drunken being who claims he is influenced by drunken spirits; instead of excusing we should frown down all such manifestations. If we want that which is exalting, we must put ourselves in a position to obtain it by cultivating our own soul forces, and ever aspiring after the good and true.

Lying and drunken spirits will not bother a medium who will not harbor them, because by setting our wills firmly against them we close the door in their faces, and they soon die of knocking where there is no admittance. Our own spiritual and personal welfare is more important than anything else; our own growth of soul and expansion of intellect, far beyond any spirit manifestation given on the globe. Spirit communion is grand and beautiful in its purity when we seek to commune with our dear departed, but to give up our individual selves and say that they shall be our oracles entirely, is simply to become nonentities of ourselves, and we had better know nothing of spirit return than to get into such a lamentable condition.

Now, what we need, it seems to me, is to make far more of ourselves in a philosophical sense, and less of much that comes through spirit return; then as we get our own spirits educated upon higher planes of thought, we will draw "Nearer, my God, to thee;" and in doing this we draw nearer also to those who are good and true on the other side. We will then fear no one in this world, or the next, for we will have engraven upon us "My mind to me my kingdom is," and in that kingdom we will rest content.

Fraternally, MRS. S. L. MICHACKEN.

Douglasville, Ga.

Written for The Better Way.

Spirit Problems.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

Modern Spiritualism claims to solve much that has seemed very mysterious to ignorance and superstition, but all the same it leaves many a mystery almost as much in the dark as ever.

Perhaps there is nothing more perplexing to the believer than the limit to the spirit return. We have now had "Gates Ajar" for well nigh forty years, and yet many of our old friends—noble men and women, perhaps investigators and believers whilst in earth life—have made no sign of the old love. Not a word comes back, save perhaps some almost grotesque personation or distorted message, that carries no evidence of identity to a reflective mind. This one fact, even if it stood alone, should sadden the heart and cool the fond enthusiasm of those who see in spirit return a giant leap to lift the world heavenward in a single generation; and it still remains a mystery why no wise spirit comes back to solve for us the problem.

It is no use denying that Modern Spiritualism as yet does little more than give us a new algebra by which some problems, impossible to the old arithmetic, may now be solved. But the use of the new system has yet to be learned. So some spirit friends come with a vivid personation that startles and awakes conviction. Others, alas! bring with them a dark cloud of doubt whenever we would fain believe them present, whilst myriads are silent, as if in the old grave, waiting the old judgment under the reign of Christian theology.

But spirit silence chills our eager demand for a satisfactory explanation. And, as we view the world of mortals, we see sin, sickness, suffering, woe, and man cursing his fellow just as in the days gone by. At one stage of history man holds his brother man to slavery by fetter and lash. At another he claims the right to own the land, and, whilst proclaiming universal freedom, establishes a yet worse slavery in the name of civilization. For instance, the Hindoos have no slave-driving overseers, but rent-collecting monsters have sunk that noble race into so debased a manhood, that history is silent as to their having ever dared to strike a blow for their own freedom.

And machinery is to-day unfolding an intellect embodied in wood and iron and brass, with cranks and pulleys and cunning movements that hold the woman and the child to cruel task, but say to the strong man, "Go, starve; I have no use for you in the coming century!" But, alas! just as the advanced spirit has given no sign either of power or will to help the poor Hindoo, so is he silent in this the hour of our greatest need. And, as if this were not enough, of agony for the present (and dull despair for the future), we have a vast system of theology proclaiming that man is a mental slave by birth, whose only hope of salvation is to smother his own mind, and think as he is ordered by his slave-owning God through the overseers, who call themselves priests and teachers of the holy church.

Amidst all this saddening outlook came a gleam of sunshine, for there were men and women who began to read, and to think, and sometimes to act, regardless of what priest and creed might say. But all the same the infallible church was wide awake to the danger, and, having laid his plans, suddenly seized our entire system of education by the throat. Parochial schools are already established, or to be established, in every parish in our land, whose business is to see that the rising generation shall be mentally dwarfed to the old level. And in a few years it will be that not a man of that church may dare to think his own thought, or seek his own aim uncursed by the priest. The ages we called "dark" and thought dead long ago, have awoke as from a drunken stupor, and are vomiting their superstitions and ignorance all over the dying years of the 19th century. It is but a repetition of the old history. Brahmin priests have used Brahmin priests to maintain their rule in India for 5000 years; and the spirits of Cath'lic Christendom are sinking to the bed-rock their foundation for a coming rule in America.

What have our Spiritualists of 1888 to say to these problems that declare the helplessness of the advanced spirit to raise to higher manhood those who will put forth no self-effort? Are they awake to the danger and their responsibility, or are they whiling the hour with some phenomenon, uncaring that it too has its unsolved mysteries. The facts will speak for themselves. See the vast majority playing with ghosts, and usually fooled to their heart's content. Watch yonder cabinet. Screw in your partition and label it "fraud-proof" from the mortal side. Now remember that since the form cannot be mortal it must be spirit. How glorious, how thrilling! Listen to your name, and that of your darling, as it falls from materialized lips. What a grand test! The light was not very good; but what of that. There was the test, so all, all is from the spirit. Joy, unutterable joy, as the form sinks into the floor, leaving you breathless, but with an enthusiasm that carries you

home to dream of more such nerve-exciting exhibitions.

But the old mystery is there all the same. Did you mark that child-form and sweet voice that gave key note to the entertainment by wit and sharp repartee; so wonderful because from childish lips in child-like form? Do you remember how ten years ago you went to these same "Gates Ajar," and that the same "wee one" was there, rocking in the same little chair, and talking with the same childish voice from the same form that has grown no bigger in all these years? The girl who waved a flag, and left it on the floor as she vanished, is there still, and is the same old girl. And the presiding spirit has the same tone and poise, and dignity, with never a wrinkle of age or a gleam of angelhood, to mark the passing years. What does it all mean? Dare you stop and think, O, test worshipping, and then apply your thought to the forms that give you the wonderful tests, and that call you father, mother, brother, sister, or dear old friend? or are you given to ignore these problems, and say as of old, "I know it is my mother because she carries the old look, and besides she gave me wonderful tests known only to us two?" Do you suppose your mother carries those wrinkles in her spirit life; that she totters as she walks the golden streets of the New Jerusalem; or utters blessings on her child through trembling limbs and toothless gums?

I am amazed at the superstitious belief of thousands calling themselves Spiritualists, who seem unable to rise one inch above the phenomena. The ignorant savage of yesterday fed shrieking from the dreaded ghost. The ignorant believer of to-day throws his arms around that ghost's neck and exclaims, "Oh, my prophetic soul, my uncle."

Such fear, and such faith, are alike ridiculous to the man who has learned to do his own thinking.

Of course the average Spiritualist declares that all is beautiful because it must be my mother and can't be anybody else." He shuts his eyes to the fact that that child-form is not the real child, for no real child stays at the same mental and physical level year after year. But if that child be not the spirit it seems, why should your spirit mother be a living truth? That is a question for you to answer, O test-bunting Spiritualist. And it is no answer for you to point us to spirit power and tell us your friends come in the old-time form so that you may identify them. Why should it be the mother you seek any more than the child you lie used to ten years ago?

But don't, dear reader, now rush to the other extreme and declare you didn't think of that and now believe there is no truth in materialization. My object is to stir you to do some unthought thinking, and these cabinet mysteries are only trifling problems compared to those involved in the race problems with which I began my article. And let us remember that Modern Spiritualism comes not as a crutch to our old manhood, but to stimulate us to self-effort whereby we may gain knowledge and power, each for himself, that shall enable us to solve just such mysterious as these.

And yet further let us take careful note that just as the spirit of evil has ever proved more potent than the spirit of good in man's dark past, so will it surely be here in America unless man of to-day shall gain a knowledge and evolve a power that shall hold him secure against invisible foes. From self-effort shall come protection.

463 W. 23rd street, N. Y.

Seance With Mrs. Cissna.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

It always affords me great pleasure to be able to speak of such grand and noble instruments for the manifestation of exalted intelligence as Mrs. Anna Cissna, of your city, who has just favored us with a visit. And while calling upon some of her acquaintances socially, one was impressed to get the slate, "a very formidable weapon to skepticism." But looking in vain for a pencil, it was at last concluded that we would have to content ourselves with other pleasures of the evening. During the interview, however, Mrs. Cissna, with two other persons were holding the slate, with no other conditions but strong gaslight and without pencil. The company, as was Mrs. Cissna, surprised and overjoyed to see there written, in good legible writing, greetings from children and friends of our future life, besides many other wonderful manifestations that came through her organism.

This is given to show the progress in development of Mrs. Cissna, and the promises made to a restoration of her former power in materialization, which was witnessed by your humble servant, so far back as June 1880, which I will attempt to describe, thinking that it may yet be of interest to your many readers. And every assertion can be vouched for by the fifteen persons who were present, all in one voice declaring that they never before nor since witnessed such wonderful materialization with the medium conscious and in full view while the manifestations occurred; yet it has been so long since. Minor occurrences will be omitted, and only those of a startling character will be given. There were no conditions required more than to an ordinary social gathering, any more than the hanging of two shawls in one corner of the room, behind which the medium sat, (at that time Mrs. Cooper). The spectators forming a horseshoe circle within two feet of the improvised cabinet, while two kerosene lamps, one setting on the piano about eighteen feet from the cabinet, with the other setting on a center table about two or three feet outside the circle, burning brightly during the entire seance. With music upon the piano, the manifestations began immediately upon everything becoming quiet. The first that could be heard was the medium calling upon your

humble servant to draw aside the shawl and see the formation of what afterwards developed into a real tangible, living human being—a cousin, who had passed away during the rebellion, twenty years previous, and who had grown almost, of recollection to your correspondent. But shortly getting more power, he walked out and to my side where he remained in full view of fully forty-five minutes, giving his name and incidents of his life while on earth. That removed all doubt as to his identity. He seemed to give strength by his remaining by my side during this wonderful seance, for spirit after spirit, in rapid succession, came to different persons in the circle. Among them all is one of a child between three or four years, who glided through the circle to its mamma, who was playing the piano, jumping into her lap, kissing and caressing her, leaving flowers as mementos that she had been there. Tears of joy were shed by the entire circle at this most wonderful performance of spirit power. Yet the half had not been said, nor can pen describe words seem inadequate to give this proper expression. But bare with me until I describe the coming of my companion, who had recently passed to higher life; also an uncle who met with an accident some seven or eight years previous, that caused his demise. I have been in no condition until now to write of this seance, such an impression did it make upon my mind and life. That when she, the spirit, parted the shawl, in company with my uncle, by her side, the medium in full view, and the spirit of my cousin leaning on my shoulder, dressed in the most exquisite white, that heart nor tongue could give expression to feelings. But after going to two of her acquaintances in the circle for recognition, they, together, glided over to me, my cousin, in the meantime, encouraging me all the time to remain passive, that I might destroy the condition through which they came. We were there in loving embrace for some minutes, conversing over the events that could leave no doubt that they were whom they purported to be.

They then seated themselves inside the circle and rocked to and fro during the entire time of the other manifestations. To each person of that circle, amongst whom there was a very dear orthodox friend, who had not witnessed anything of the spirit, who had lost, as he had supposed, a companion eleven years ago. Just then she came to him in all her resplendent glory, bringing proof positive to him that she yet lived, and would soon pilot him over the silent river where they would live together in peace and harmony, which has recently occurred, causing him to remark, "Oh, grave where is thy victory, oh death where is thy sting?" The spirits then as there was at no time less than two materialized spirits dematerialized through the floor, in full view, to again reappear. Parting the shawl, with my uncle and cousin on either side of my companion with locked arms, swaying to and fro, keeping time to the music being played upon the piano, "Sweet By and By"

Think you, my friends, you can conceive the grandeur of this spectacle, and that we did not drink at the fountain where each cup was full to overflowing. Blessing upon blessings, from tips divine, while tears of joy and regrets at parting from such an Eden could not have been more divine. And while we were under the impression that the manifestations were brought to a close from disturbances necessary to our departure, my friend's companion, as did my own, reappear and follow us out into the hall to the outer door, some twenty-five or thirty feet from the medium, and there bid us an affectionate farewell, with God-given blessings, that they would guard, guide and direct our footsteps through life.

Thus closed one of the most remarkable seances, for full form and materialization that it has ever been the province of mortal to witness; and this through an organism that is no less exalted spiritually than those dear ones gone before. Friends, do you imagine that it does not afford me the most exquisite joy to be able to do the smallest favors for this grand and noble instrument. The spirits surely have made no mistake in selecting Mrs. Anna Cissna for their God given mission to enlighten an ignorant world. Many mortals can thus testify. God bless our media, is the prayer of

"Echo,"

DAYTON, O., Jan. 22, 1888.

The Destiny of the Human Soul.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Sunday, January 29th, Rev. Mr. J. Savage gave his eleventh sermon on religious reconstruction, taking the above-named subject for elucidation. The Boston Herald, on the following day, printed the essential points connected with it.

The sermon was a masterly one, and covered the philosophy of modern Spiritualism, as well as did Thomas Gales Forster and Mrs. Cora Richmond, and many other inspired speakers, some thirty or more years ago.

Mr. Savage alluded to nearly all the different religious sects, including Protestantism, Roman Catholicism, to that of Swedenborgianism, but omitted, intentionally or otherwise, according to the Herald report, to allude to Spiritualism. He could have, with propriety, designated his sermon Spiritualism, and the Spiritualists would not have detected any new sentiments from what has been advanced by the advocates of spiritualistic philosophy from the first inspired utterances in the first lectures given by spirits through mediums.

Where did the Rev. Mr. Savage obtain these views? Was it from the spiritualistic literature, or from Protestantism, or Unitarianism, or Swedenborgianism? Has any sect but Spiritualists advanced any such views before?

Has Mr. Savage embraced spiritualistic philosophy? or has he become unfolded as a medium for inspirational thoughts from denizens of the spirit world?

The Psychical Research Society, of which he is a member, will watch him closely if he advances such sentiments without he can do so and not recognize Spiritualism. One step more. Mr. Savage, and that is, be bold enough to declare that you believe in the philosophy of modern Spiritualism in regard to a future life.

Boston, Mass. A SPIRITUALIST.

ABSURD.

I knew a girl whose common word was "Oh, it's so absurd!" If any incident occurred, she'd say: "It's so absurd."

If I argued her when demurred, she'd say: "You're so absurd!" And when to my friends I referred, I'd hear: "They're quite absurd!"

I asked her hand—the wailed word—She said: "It's too absurd—yes."

I bowed, and the words she heard From me were: "Too absurd!"

—A. W. Sullivan, in *The Bazaar*.

PEARLS AND BONES.

The Wild Story of a Chicago Girl's Wonderful Necklace.

In Chicago there is a young lady who is the unwilling possessor of a necklace made of seed pearls, alternating with the finger bones of a dead Mexican lover. The story of the ghastly necklace borders on the wildly improbable. If it were not that there are many corroborating circumstances and side incidents which stamp the story as true in the main, if not in minor details, it would be difficult to believe it.

The lady in question is living with her brother and younger sister in a boarding house on La Salle avenue. Miss Skarf is a blonde of the "fanny" type, and but for the nervous depression under which she is suffering would be bright and pleasant. Her hair, too reddish to be yellow and too yellowish to be red, is of just the tint to enhance the heart of one of a race of which heretofore she has been the rule.

"Mercy! who told you?" was the startled exclamation of the lady when approached on the subject of the necklace. "I didn't do a thing," she rapidly continued, half in the defensive. "Not a thing. I never knew they were going to fight. Oh, it was terrible—terrible!"

"Would you mind telling me about it?"

"No, I can't talk. I have been advised against saying anything." It took nearly an hour to get the entire details from Miss Skarf after her refusal to talk. In the narrative she was ably seconded by the younger sister, Miss Het, who seemed rather proud than otherwise of the fact that her sister had been the heroine of a "booby episode."

Four years ago John T. Skarf went to Mexico, being connected with the introduction of telephones in the republic. A year ago last autumn the elder Miss Skarf joined her brother, who was then at Chihuahua, to avoid the Northern winter and see something of Mexican life. She was conscious that she attracted some attention in the city, as all beautiful "Gringos" do, but was greatly surprised one day—it was in the latter part of February—to find a mature though handsome Mexican lover trying to court her in the ridiculous public Mexican fashion. She spoke to her brother about it, who laughingly told her it was all right. In fact Mr. Skarf had been waited on by the Mexican, Don Teodoro Viesca, with a retinue of friends, to ask the privilege of courting the fair Gringo.

As all the amorous Mexican wanted was the privilege of standing in the street under Miss Skarf's balcony by day and making love in a language that the lady failed to understand, and stand up under her window by night with a guitar and the assurance that no bootjacks would be thrown at him, the permission was readily granted, especially as Don Teodoro had a fine place in El Desierto which, with almost perfect irrigation, yielded him a good income. The Don generously overlooked the absence of the lady's dot and industriously commenced to study English and to carry off the whole Skarf household to every entertainment and ball-fight that took place in the city. His presents to the lady were something magnificent, but he was not alone in his admiration.

A younger and better looking Mexican, Don Leonardo Zulotillo, called on Skarf and desired the privilege of twanging his guitar under the fair lady's window, weather permitting. He was poor, but had great prospects, and would have a good income from the Mexican standpoint, when some one or other died, or somebody paid for cart in mines, or when there was another revolution, or something of the sort, Skarf was fond of a joke, and encouraged the younger and more impetuous man in hopes of seeing a little fun. Miss Skarf now maintains that she did not understand the situation, but confesses to having liked Don Leonardo's music and Don Teodoro's presents about equally well. She probably flirted with both, not caring for either. The double-barreled courtship could not last long.

There were numerous encounters between the rivals; but nothing serious. Show nights the richer suitor had things his way, for Don Leonardo was too poor to take a whole family to a high-priced concert. Serenade nights the young man got around early, preempted the only available space under the balcony and trilled Spanish love songs till the stars grew pale. Then Don Teodoro went to Skarf and demanded that his rights as an accepted suitor be protected. Don Leonardo made the same demand, though less positively, for in spite of his poverty he felt more secure. Then Skarf, who presumably grew tired of the sport, told the rivals that in the States the father or elder brother had very little to say in the matter of settling marriages, and that it rested almost entirely with the lady. She could do what she pleased, and his sister was no exception to the rule. Such heresy shocked the old Don and pleased the young one. Neither would give up.

Miss Skarf was clever enough to insist that the Mexican customs of courtship be strictly adhered to, and thus neither suitor had opportunity to see her without the presence of a third person, usually her brother. Things began to grow critical. One day both Mexicans appeared and gravely announced that they had agreed to adopt the American plan and leave it to the lady. Their understanding of the "American plan" was not very clear. There had been grievous mistakes all around, owing to differences in the "plans" of Mexican and American matrimonial procedure. This should be all right by the lady. Would she indicate which of the suitors she would marry? Then the other could go his way in sorrow.

Called upon suddenly to choose between the two Mexicans, both standing before her, was more than Miss Skarf had bargained for, especially as she intended to marry neither. She looked from one to another in bewilderment. Both men were pale and haggard and desperately

in earnest. She grew scared and ended the painful interview by flight. The two rivals looked at each other with the same idea. It was plain to them the lady had no preference for either or was equally in love with both. It was thus left with them to decide the question as to which was to have her. There was only one way—the duel.

It was not an ordinary provocation for an ordinary duel. There seemed to be but little anger in it, the purpose being a serious desire to remove the misunderstanding from the blunder of courting a Yankee girl in the Mexican fashion. There were to be servants present, but no seconds. Weapons, pistols, and a fight to the death. Don Teodoro provided that in the event of his falling he would bequeath a princely pearl necklace to the bride of his rival as a wedding present. Don Leonardo, not to be outdone, but without money to buy gems, in a burst of ghastly devotion vowed that should he fall the bones of his fingers were to be taken and bleached until they were as white as Teodoro's pearls, when they were to be made into a necklace and presented to the bride. These details were only learned by subsequent events. The two men retired to El Desierto and sought a dueling-ground on Don Teodoro's estate.

It was early morning when the little affair came off. Teodoro's peon and Leonardo's servant were ordered to retire behind a grove. There was a wait of a few moments then two almost simultaneous shots were heard. The two servants not hearing any thing more ventured out to the field. The heavy smoke hung in the grass. They hurried to the spot. Don Teodoro was stone dead. Don Leonardo was dying. Near the men was a flask of mescal and two leather cups. The rivals had drunk a health, whose can be guessed, before firing the fatal shots.

The disappearance of the two men caused but little comment in Chihuahua, as it was believed that Don Teodoro had been called up the country on business. Concerning the movements of Leonardo there was no particular interest, and he was only missed by a few intimate friends. About a month after the disappearance, just as Miss Skarf was congratulating herself that she was well rid of both suitors, a peon appeared.

He bore with him a curious three-cornered box of carved wood. He left it with the lady, making no explanations. On opening it she discovered the necklace. She recognized the pearls, but could not understand the meaning of the strange bits of bone that alternated with them, and took the present to her brother. He examined it, and guessing, though by no means sure, the character of the gift, at once set out to find the messenger.

The peon would say no thing except that it was sent with compliments of Don Teodoro Viesca and Don Leonardo Zulotillo. The coupling of the names of the two rivals confirmed the opinion that it was something extraordinary. He plied the peon with mescal, and by degrees got more information. The bones were from Don Leonardo's fingers. The pearls were from Don Teodoro. There was a curse on the gift. The lady must wear it. If not the specters would appear to her. The latter part of this was, of course, nonsense and was the result of mescal on the superstitious and imaginative peon. Skarf was angry, and indiscreetly told his sister every thing.

The shock brought about a fit of sickness, and instead of laughing at it she treated the part about the curse seriously. She could not bear to have the necklace with her and did not dare to part with it. As soon as she was able to travel they returned to Chicago. A week in Chicago somewhat restored her shattered nerves, and Mr. Skarf, being of a frugal turn, ventured to take the pearls and sell them to a prominent jeweler here. The pearls were placed in a cigar box and buried on the shore of the lake in Lincoln Park. That night Miss Skarf had a dream—she claims it was a vision—in which Don Leonardo appeared and played a guitar, but without any hands. She claims that she could hear the music, but the hands were invisible, and all she could see were the bloody stumps. Naturally she was utterly prostrated. Two well-known physicians, one eminent in the treatment of nervous diseases, were called.

In vain did they assure Miss Skarf that her dream was the result of a disordered nervous system, together with the strong belief that something of the kind would happen. Similar cases were cited to prove this view of the case, but to no effect. She insisted that she would not dare to sleep until the necklace was restored to her. Mr. Skarf then went to the jeweler, who does a genteel pawn-broking business on this side, and asked to have the pearls back. The latter had a bargain and refused to part with them except at an enormous advance. Skarf left in despair and returned again with one of the physicians, who explained that it was a case of life and death. The whole story was told, but it only resulted in stiffening the backbone of the local pearl market.

Then the doctor, being a man of fertile expedients, threatened to give the story to the newspapers, a proceeding, he explained, which would not only spoil the sale of the pearls in question, but would put every gem of that kind in his stock under suspicion. Who would buy pearls with a curse hanging over them?

This gave a new aspect to the case, and the dealer, after some thought, grudgingly received the original price back and gave up the goods. He was disgusted, and it was through him that this story leaked out. Mr. Skarf had considerable difficulty in finding the buried cigar box, but secured it after several long searches, and the lady is now sure that she will see no more ghosts as long as the treasure box and its contents are in her possession. She is to be taken to New York and placed under treatment for nervous diseases, in hope that her hallucination may be dispelled.—N. Y. Graphic.

Cranks at the German Capital.

The number of deranged people trying to gain access to the Emperor of Germany is remarkable. Hardly a day passes without such an occurrence. The other day two such unfortunate entered the palace simultaneously. It was a man and a woman. The latter was the wife of a poor boatman, asserting that she was a near relative of the Emperor's and had to see him after years of absence. The man was well dressed with a look of distinction about him, and a flow of white hair on his head and long whiskers, altogether a venerable-looking, sympathetic figure. He said he had engaged to marry the daughter of the King of Italy, and being a German and a subject of the Emperor he had to obtain His Majesty's permission before perfecting the marriage. Both persons were taken to the insane ward of the Hospital of the Charite at Berlin.

THE RESURRECTIONIST.

How an English Cabby Earned the Right to That Queer Title.

"The rummest start I ever heard of," said the patriarchal driver, for the benefit of the Liverpool Courier, "was that that caused a cabman, who is dead now, to be known as the 'Resurrectionist.' He was a day man, and was going home about eleven o'clock with his four-wheeler, and stopped for a last drink at a public house, when a man who was at the bar spoke to him. The man said he was in trouble. He had lost a child, and, being out of employment, he had no means of burying it, and of all things he was anxious to avoid the disgrace of having it buried by the parish. He had managed to buy a coffin, he said, and his idea was to take it at night time to some cemetery and bury it himself in consecrated ground."

"And if you are agreeable to take me and the little box as far as—cemetery," he says, "I will willingly give you a crown for your trouble. I'll carry it there myself, only I'm glad to be asked if I was stopped with a coffin in my possession."

"It was a queer kind of a job, but the cabman had had luck all day, and it was five shillings easily earned, and he agreed on condition that the coffin was a only little one."

"She was only nine months old when she died, pretty creature," said the chap, wiping his eyes with his coat cuff, "and small at that."

"So the cabman stood on the corner, and presently the chap came back with the little coffin in a black bag, and with a garden spade under his coat. They drove to the cemetery and found to the back part of it, and the chap, having put the coffin over the palings, climbed over himself. He wasn't very long gone, and when he returned he gave the cabman a crown."

"I shan't ride back with you," says he. "The job has upset my nerves, and I shall be better for a walk."

"So he went off, and the cabman, beginning by this time to think there was something wrong about the business, took one of his lamps and looked into the cab. And there on a mat was a lady's gold necklace, new, and with the shop ticket still on it, and an odd earring as well, which was also new. He was quite sure now that there was something wrong, and, after having a short drive around while he thought it over, he came back to the cemetery paling and got over at the same spot the chap had, taking a lamp with him, and found, as he had expected, that it was easy to trace the footprints in the soft earth from the place where the chap had jumped, and he traced on till they came to an end and then kicked up the loose soil, and hardly a foot deep was the little coffin buried in the bag. As soon as he lifted it he was made aware by a clinking sound inside that he was not far out in his suspicion, and, without staying to open it he drives with it straight to the police station, and there it was found it contained more than £700 worth of jewelry that had been stolen from a shop in the West End a few nights before, and the chap got took on the cabman's description of him and received seven years; and the cabman, who was ever afterward known as the Resurrectionist, he got £100 from the jeweler, and there is no doubt the money was the death of him," said the narrator, the meeting breaking up, and we all rising to take our leave; "it got him into drinking habits, and he never got out of 'em till they settled him."

THE HOWLING APE.

A Nasty Monster Which Would Never Be the Pet of a Beauty Show.

There are eight species of apes in Dutch Guiana. The most conspicuous of them, says the *Popular Science Monthly*, is the howling ape, which is also one of the best-known, and largest of the race. It is called a baboon in the colony, although by the Caribs and Ibol by the Arawaks. When standing up it is about three feet high, and weighs about twenty pounds. It lives in both the coast regions and the interior, and eats fruits, leaves and buds. Its big, scantily-haired belly; the thick, tawny skin of its back, passing into a purple-brown at the back of the head and the feet; its black face, with a strong set of teeth, and the prominence under its neck, covered with a long yellow beard, altogether make it one of the ugliest apes of tropical America. It lives in small troops of rarely more than twelve individuals, among which is always to be found an old, full-grown male, which takes a higher place on the tree than the others, and leads the lugubrious concert by which these apes are so broadly distinguished from other species. The windpipe of the male is much stronger and more complicated than that of any other ape, and is connected with a vocal apparatus composed of bone substance of about the size of a goose-egg, which is set in the hollow of the under jaw. It looks from without like a wen, and acts as a sounding-board to strengthen the voice to an almost incredible extent. The females have a similar apparatus, but only about an inch in size. I do not know what it is that prompts the animal to set up its great cry. It is believed in the colony that it cries out only when the flood-tide begins, but this is wrong, for these apes howl at all times of day, and quite as much in the interior of the country, where there can be no tides. There may be some atmospheric influence which provokes the males to howl, while the females join in with them. I have had opportunities to hear this howling a great many times, and to observe the howlers from a very close vicinity. Every time there sat an old male up in a tree, supporting himself on his fore feet, and having his long tail, naked of hair on the inside for about nine inches from the end, black and smooth as a hand, wrapped around a limb, while other males, females and young sat beneath him in a variety of positions. All at once the old fellow would set up a horrible rattling "Rehu, rehu!" which, after five or six repetitions, passed into a howling in which all the others would join, and which was loud enough to make one afraid of losing his hearing.

How the Money Goes.

The people of the United States spend the following sums annually: For missions, \$5,000,000; education, \$85,000,000; sugar and molasses, \$150,000,000; boots and shoes, \$100,000,000; cotton goods, \$210,000,000; lumber, \$233,000,000; woolen goods, \$287,000,000; iron and steel, \$200,000,000; meat, \$300,000,000; tobacco, \$250,000,000; bread, \$500,000,000; liquors, \$90,000,000. Total, \$2,861,000,000. The people expend about one third as much for liquors as they do for all other things combined. The expenditures yearly are more than the public debt at the end of the war.

WOMEN'S HEALTH.

It Is Undermined by a Wrong System of Education.

How the Girls of To-Day Are Educated and Why the Beauty and Elasticity of Youth Disappear—A Practical Remedy Suggested.

We hear a great deal of the superior education of a generation which the young people of the present day have over the young people of the past, writes Mary J. Holmes in the New York *Mail and Express*. And unquestionably this is true, for there are more schools, more textbooks, more hours devoted to study, clearer methods of instruction it may be, with possibly better teachers than formerly, when, except in a few of the States, none of the schools were free and people paid for what they had. As a natural sequence, then, we should have far better scholars under the new regime than under the old. But I do not think this is so, and I believe there were more really thorough scholars turned out from the schools years ago than are produced to-day with all the modern improvements in teaching and learning. And the fault lies in the system which crowds into four or five years what ought to occupy double that length of time, and puts upon the girl so much that her mind becomes enfeebled and she forgets to-morrow what she has learned to-day.

I know perfectly well that I shall probably be called old and old-fashioned, if not a crank, for presuming to think that any thing in the past can be better than the present. But I insist that the forcing system, as practiced in our schools, is conducive neither to good education, good health, nor to beauty of face or form. To learn many things indifferently and none well is now the practice in most of our public schools, where so many of our girls spend six hours of the day trying in vain to translate some obscure passage in Virgil, or to solve some difficult problem in algebra. Nor does the hard study end with the six hours' close confinement, varied only by a change from one classroom to another, or the climbing of stairs, which sooner or later is sure to tell upon the physical frame. Where there are so many lessons to be learned, and so long, there is scarcely any leisure for exercise in the open air or recreation of any kind, no time for home intercourse, or duties and those talks with mother or grandmother which in after years will be so precious to the woman and remembered long after Cicero and Euclid are laid upon the shelf.

With the lighting of the gas the study hour begins, and from seven to ten and even later the girl bends over her books until the words run together and her eyes grow dim and her mind dimmer, so that she has no clear conception of what she has learned, or rather committed, for oftentimes it is nothing more than a committing to be repeated parrot-like next day and then lost entirely as water runs through a sieve. The stomach cannot be overcrowded without rebelling, nor can the brain be overtaxed without a protest; and a tired brain is harder to manage than an overloaded stomach. Look at some of the girls who are struggling with too many and too long lessons, trying to keep up and pass from grade to grade so as to be graduated at last and declared educated. Hollow-eyed, haggard and pale, and often high-shouldered from stooping so constantly over their books, they seem to have lost all their beauty and elasticity of youth, and to be growing prematurely old. Mark, too, how many wear spectacles as a proof of impaired eyesight. And why not? The eye is a delicate organ, which will cry out when abused, and once seriously injured I do not believe it can be fully restored. Of this I have proof in my own experience. In my eagerness to read Corinne in French I studied night after night, when I should have been in bed, using Meadow's fine-print dictionary until the words became like blood before my eyes, which have never since been strong. I do not know that I am willing to say the same of my mind, which was once so weakened by being too long in school that just to glance at a book produced a sensation like looking cross-eyed, and I actually forgot my name. This is an extreme case, of course, and one which, fortunately, was remedied by a few weeks in the fields and meadows among the new-mown hay, the perfume of which comes back to me now as I write with the same sweetness as when I brought a sense of healing to my tired brain.

A young married woman, who was for years a student in a graded school, told me that her room-mate was in the habit of taking very strong tea at night in order to keep herself awake, her lessons were so long and difficult. What kind of nerves or health would a girl have who continued this practice for any length of time? No wonder that so many break down with nervous prostration, forgetting all they have learned and unable to grasp any thing clearly and well. A married lady whose children have been through the cramming process likens it to a salad, which I think is a good name. A brain salad, composed of rhetoric and philosophy, and algebra and geometry, German and Latin, and a multiplicity of other branches which the girl must take up if she would at the last be graduated and receive her diploma. And in not one of these is she thorough, for how can she know much of a subject to which she has only given three or six months' time?

What remedy would you propose? I asked, and I reply: A longer course of instruction, with shorter lessons and more time for recreation and general reading, so that our girls, when finished, will know who Peter the Great was, and whether Boston is in Massachusetts or Maine. Such ignorance seems absurd, but I know something like it to be a fact in the case of one or two young ladies who had studied many things and had a smattering of Latin and possibly of Greek, but in all essential points of learning they were lamentably deficient and were fair samples of the system I am condemning.

A Sweet Little Milk-Cart.

Two New Orleans young ladies who find it suddenly necessary to work for a living have opened a dairy and sell milk. They have a sweet little cart, and every morning bright and early may be seen driving down the avenue behind their better tin cans and pails. There is no brighter field of work for a Southern woman than that offered by the dairy and poultry business, by vegetable gardening and small fruit farming, and by floriculture.

PUZZLED ARTISTS.

A Ghostly Manifestation Which Can Not Be Explained by Anybody.

A photograph was taken in a sitting-room up-town a few weeks ago, says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, that has been puzzling amateur and professional photographers ever since. The artist was W. Curtis Taylor, one of the most experienced photographers in the city, and the subject was a group of eighteen young ladies. It was not a good picture because several of the ladies moved, and Mr. Taylor had the red sit again, but he finished up the negative and took a proof-print from it, and then he saw several queer things in it.

On the extreme right of the group one lady stood partly against a white door, while another lady sat directly in front of her. The clear outlines of their faces show that neither of these ladies changed her position during the exposure of the plate; nevertheless the edge of the door-frame, which appears above their heads, is continued, without a break, down through the hair of the lady who is standing, just misses her eye and loses itself in her chin; while the paneling of the door shows through her shoulder and through the hair of the old lady sitting in front of her.

Two ladies stood against the closed shutters of a bay window. Both their faces show distinctly in the photograph, but the lines of the molding appear through the hair of both. The light struck this section of the window. The other ladies stood—one against a dark section of the window, the other against a part of the frame which shows light. Both faces are badly blurred, but in neither case do the lines behind them appear on their portraits.

In all these cases in which these young ladies appear so alarmingly transparent, photographers say there is only one way to account for the mystery—high lights behind them to impress themselves on the sensitive plate, which they will do under certain circumstances, like a flash. The obvious fact that to do this some of them, especially the lady first mentioned, must have swung their heads and shoulders through an arc of forty-five degrees is not permitted to interfere with the hypothesis.

But the hypothesis, such as it is, breaks down completely before the problem presented by the central figure of the group—a lady sitting in a deep, comfortable arm chair with a solid back of wickerwork. She could not have moved out of that chair without falling out, and her beautifully clear portrait, the best in the group, shows that she must have sat like a statue; yet through her face, through her neck and through her body, all the way down to her waist, the wicker plating of the chair is seen almost as distinct as if there were nothing between it and the lens. The lady's body appears as a dark shadow projected on the lighter surface of the chair.

When asked to explain the phenomenon Mr. Taylor promptly gave it up. The proof has passed through the hands of a number of photographers, both professional and amateur, and was discussed at the recent meeting of the Amateur Photographers' Society, and always with the same result. As a last resource it was submitted to A. K. F. Trask, the photographer of the Seybert Commission, who has made a special study of ghostly photography, and can turn out "spirit photographs" in any quantity to order. He accepted the movement hypothesis as to the door and window lines, but when his attention was called to the wicker chair he confessed it was beyond his philosophy, and he could not account for it.

This is the way the case now stands. The photograph can not be accounted for under any of the known laws of matter; though it may have something to do with the "fourth dimension" for which some theorists contend. It is not a "spirit photograph" for if it were Mr. Trask would recognize it, and, besides, building materials and articles of furniture do not have spirits. None of the known laws of optics seem to meet the case, and for the present it remains a curious scientific problem.

A MONSTER SERPENT.

The Creature's Abode in an Extinct Crater of New Mexico.

This section of the country, says a letter from San Marcel, N. M., has been considerably aroused from time to time by the conflicting reports of Mexicans, who say that the extinct crater to the east of the plains, known as the "Jornado del Muerto," about twenty-five miles from this place, is the abode of a monster serpent, second in size only to that huge reptile of the seas that has been so often spoken of by mariners and others. It is reported by some to be fully one hundred feet in length and about two feet in circumference, but probably the most trustworthy information is that given by a Mr. Alexander, who possesses some mining property in the San Andres mountains, which lies to the east of the broad plain. Mr. Alexander says that he saw the serpent once while crossing the Jornada on the way to his mines. He was about half way across the plain, jogging leisurely along behind his burro, dreaming of the immense wealth that he hoped to realize from his property, when suddenly the burro stopped, erected its long ears, whined quickly around, and made a mad stampede in the opposite direction. Mr. Alexander was at a loss to account for this strange freak of the burro, and was about to start in pursuit of the runaway when he chanced to look ahead. Then his eyes gazed upon the monster. He was so beside himself with fear at first, he says, that his nerves were completely paralyzed, his hair stood on end, and move he could not; he was rooted to the spot, and his eyes were fixed upon the serpent. It was about a quarter of a mile from him, and was traveling in the opposite direction—toward the crater. He says it appeared to be about sixty feet in length; but what surprised him most was the queer proportions of the creature. The fore parts were of enormous size, its head being fully as large as a barrel. A few feet behind the creature's head two large scales were visible which glittered in the sun like polished shields; further back were two huge claws on either side, about two feet apart, which were all the monster had in the shape of feet. The rest of its body was comparatively small, and tapering to the end of its tail. It traveled at a rapid gait, sometimes rearing its whole body up from the ground, and walked on its four claws. He watched it till it disappeared over a little hill, and then he started to look after his burro.

The Mexicans have the most deadly fear of the creature, and will not venture within miles of it, there being a popular tradition among them that it is the abode of some terrible serpent. The Mexicans as a rule, on one occasion a descent of the crater was made by three men, and none of them returned it was generally believed they were devoured by the monster.

SOME DEADLY DRUGS.

Their Properties as Destroyers of Human Life.

Poisons That Act Almost Instantaneously and Others That Cause Intense Suffering—Explains Stanley's Discovery of Straphantus.

With the view of ascertaining the variety and destructive characteristics of the many mineral and vegetable poisons on the market, a reporter for the Chicago *Tribune* yesterday interviewed a prominent druggist with the following result:

"Which drug will cause death with the least amount of pain?"

"Morphine. In ordinary cases one and one-half to two grains of this opiate will cause death. Shortly after it is swallowed it causes a barely perceptible griping of the stomach. After the would-be suicide is thoroughly under the influence all pain ceases, and unless interference follows discovery his death is altogether painless. If he is discovered, however, then his sufferings must necessarily be intense. The only mode of riding the suicide of the agonizing influence is by fire. He must be kept awake, and to accomplish this end cuffing, coddling, and any method of torture convenient at hand should be employed."

"What drug acts most promptly in destroying life?"

"It is generally conceded, I believe, that hydrocyanic, or prussic acid, as it is more commonly called, stands foremost for rapidity of action. It is a colorless, transparent, inflammable, liquid, of extreme volatility. Its odor is similar to that emitted by peach kernels, or bitter almonds, and is so strong that it produces immediate headache and giddiness. Its vapor is so deleterious that the smallest portion of it can not be inhaled without the greatest danger. Its extraordinary death-producing powers may be the more readily comprehended when it is said that one and one-half grains of the undiluted acid will produce death in a few seconds. Sometimes death occurs instantaneously. It has a direct action on the heart in most cases, but not infrequently death is produced by asphyxia, brought on by a direct paralyzing action of the poison upon the respiratory centers. Notwithstanding the tremendous and almost incalculable energy of this acid as a poison, it is one of the most useful medicines, when in a diluted state, the profession has at hand. From one-hundredth to one-twenty-fifth of a grain is the dose usually prescribed by our physicians, and then it is properly diluted.

"Cyanide of potassium is a compound of prussic acid, and acts precisely like the acid as a poison and as a medicine. Its potency is suggested when it is remarked that five grains have repeatedly taken life."

"Among the vegetable poisons perhaps the most powerful is the alkaloid derived from aconite and called aconite. One-fiftieth of a grain of the pure alkaloid will produce death. It is hardly necessary to state what an extremely small particle one-fiftieth of a grain is. On the point of a knife a powerful hand-glass would have to be called into requisition to discover this quantity. When taken in poisonous doses, the characteristic properties of this drug are a peculiar tingling in the mouth, not at all unpleasant, burning heat in the stomach, violent nausea, vomiting and purging, headache, dimness of vision, contracted or expanded pupils, muscular spasms, cold extremities, and feeble pulse. Death ensues shortly. This poison is justly unpopular for suicidal purposes.

"Of the more popular poisons used for self-destruction is strychnine, an alkaloid prepared from the plant *Nuxvomica* and ignatia. Strychnine, like aconite and prussic acid, will produce death in very minute doses. Poisonous doses usually excite not only speedy, but very sudden symptoms—convulsions, affecting all the voluntary muscles, painful reflex in character, and interrupted by periods of complete relaxation. Strychnine, too, is a very painful poison, by reason of the fact that consciousness remains undisturbed, and the suicide is mentally as well as physically awake to all the suffering attendant thereon. One grain will suffice to kill the most robust man, as it terminates in asphyxia and the most violent convulsions. No bitter is this drug that one grain in a barrel of water is perceptible to the taste.

Explorer Stanley is responsible for the introduction in the market of another deadly poison—strophantus. This is of so recent discovery that it is doubtful if, as yet, a death has occurred in the United States from its use. It is found in South Africa and the natives poison their arrows by steeping them in a decoction of the seed. Its action is similar to digitalis, which it is rapidly superseding as a heart stimulant. It is very powerful, and is administered only in extremely small doses.

"Dichloride of mercury, usually called corrosive sublimate, is another of the popular mineral poisons used in committing suicide. It produces burning heat in the throat, violent pain in the stomach, excessive thirst, nausea, small and frequent pulse, difficult respiration, cramps in the extremities, insensibility, convulsions and death. Anywhere from one to three grains is sufficient to kill. In their general effects in poisoning doses the various mineral acids, such as sulphuric and nitric, are closely allied to corrosive sublimate. Carbolic acid also produces similar effects. Other common mineral poisons are phosphorus, chloroform, antimony, salts of lead and copper, ammonia, and iodine.

"The more common vegetable poisons comprise atropine, and alkaloid derived from belladonna, or deadly nightshade; hyoscyamus, digitalis, or fox-glove; physostigma, or Calabar bean, bitter almonds and conium.

As that man can not set a right value upon health who has never known sickness, nor feel the blessing of ease who has been through life a stranger to pain, so there can be no confirmed and passionate love of truth for him who has not experienced the hollowness of error.—Coleridge.



A Song for a Boy.

Keep ahead of the world if you can, my boy,
'Tis the only sure way to succeed.
If you're far behind, 'twill be hard to get back
To the spot where you once had the lead;
And there's no way to win in the battle of life,
So easy, so safe, and so sure,
As to have a few dollars ahead of your wants—
For most of life's life is the cure.

But you never get dollars till you first get peace,
As from across the mighty seas grow:
Work hard, and work ever, and save you toil,
No matter if you're young or old;
Thus be true to yourself in the years of your youth,
And you'll not without worry when old;
Save the pennies to-day, to silver they'll turn,
And the silver will grow into gold.

Let the fools try to tempt you to pleasures to-day
That will take the small coin from your purse,
Store your brain in the hours they give to the world
With knowledge, you'll not be the worse;
For labor, and study, and saving in youth
Will give rest and content when you're old,
And the pennies to-day will be silver full a son,
And the silver will grow into gold.

Fair Italy lies on the Alps' farther side,
'Tis the place we have dreamed of all day,
But those Alps must be climbed by the stout limbs
Of youth.
Ere by Tibet we pass age away;
So work, my brave boy, in the years of your
strength,
If you want rest and plenty when old,
Take care of the pennies to-day they'll turn,
And the silver will turn into gold.

—(Detroit Free Press.)

Johnny.

Johnny was in disgrace. "Drandma" had set him down uncomfortably hard in his little wooden chair by the fireplace and told him not to move one inch right or left till she came back; she also told him to think over how naughty he had been all day; but some way it seemed easier just then to think over his grandma's shortcomings.

He looked through his tears at the candle in the tall silver candlestick, and by half-shutting his eyes he could make three candles. Then he looked out of the window. The snow was falling fast as it had been all day.

"Drandma!" he called, but the old lady was busy in the next room, and could not or would not hear him; so he walked to the door and said: "Drandma, may I sweep a path for drandpa?"

This time "drandma" did hear and see him, too. He was brought back and resealed, with marks of flour here and there on his little checked apron.

We must not blame grandma too much; it was a very long time since she was a child, and Johnny, to use her own words, "had almost worn her soul out of her."

When Johnny's mother died his home was in New York, and while Johnny sat in his little chair by the fireplace he was thinking of New York, if he ever should see it again—the great stores with their bright windows, and above all, hear the never-ending bustle and hum that would drown the noise of twenty clocks like grandpa's. Johnny couldn't remember his mother, then, or he would have cried for her. He saw his father only once a month; he was making money very fast in the dingy little office away down town in New York, and spending it almost as fast in a house away up town for Johnny's new mamma, and, with Plowfield so far away, it was no wonder Johnny's father was always on the move. He ought to have been there that very day; the heavy snow perhaps had prevented; that was one reason why Johnny had been so naughty.

"Drandma," he cried, "I wish I'd smashed the bowl to-day when I split the cream!"

Grandma didn't say anything for fear Johnny would know she was laughing.

He grew more and more indignant; he never in his life felt so naughty. He thought of all the rebellious things he had ever heard of, and making a few choice selections, mentioned them to his grandmother, and she, laughing, stored them away to tell grandpa, comforting herself with the idea that if he was bad he wasn't stupid.

Suddenly, among other brilliant ideas, came the thought that sometimes boys ran away; Mike's boy Jerry ran away (Mike was the man who worked for grandpa, and he didn't have any money, and Johnny had fifteen cents; besides, when he got on the cars he could tell the conductor to charge it to his father; he came from New York every month).

He listened till he heard grandpa go to the shed for wood, and before she came back her small grandson was some distance from the house in the deep snow, putting on his coat and tying his comforter over his ears.

As he looked back and saw the shadow of grandpa as she put down the wood, he said: "I guess I'll make her cry pretty soon."

After the wood grandpa seemed to find quite a number of things either to put up or take down, so for a little while Johnny was forgotten. Did you ever notice that grandmothers, and mothers, too, are always begging for a little quiet, yet if they ever get a bit, nothing seems to make them more uneasy.

Grandpa thought Johnny was unusually still; he never was still except when asleep, so grandpa naturally supposed him asleep.

"Poor little fellow! he has left his chair," she thought, "and is asleep on the lounge." So she was not alarmed when she saw the little empty chair, but when no Johnny appeared on the lounge nor anywhere in the room she felt worried.

"Johnny!" she called all through the house and wood shed. Then she missed the little coat, cap, and comforter.

"If he has gone to meet his grandpa he'll freeze to death. Oh, why didn't I amuse him till his grandpa came?" she thought. She opened the door and tried to call, but a cloud of snow beat her back. Wrapping herself heavily, she started down the white road she thought Johnny had taken. She had nearly reached the depot. She heard the train, she saw the glare of the great lamp on the engine, though the glass that covered it was half hidden by the blinding snow; she heard a sleigh coming toward her; the bells came nearer and nearer, and the sleigh stopped.

"Where are you going, my good woman? It's a rough night for a woman to be out."

Any other time how grandma would have laughed. Grandpa didn't know his own wife.

"Take her in, father," said another voice. It was Johnny's father that spoke.

"Oh, Johnny's lost!" she cried, as she trotted into the sleigh. "He will freeze before we can find him."

The old lady was taken home, and grandpa and Johnny's father started off, quite naturally in the wrong direction, for Johnny.

For a while Johnny went on manfully; but soon his little fingers and toes began to beg him to go back. He refused to notice their petition, and wished grandpa could see him, as the wind whirled him round and almost buried him in the snow. He thought he had gone about ten miles when he heard bells. He turned to one side for the sleigh to pass, when he heard a voice he knew.

"Oh, Jerry," he cried, "please take me in!"

Jerry stopped and asked, "Who are you?"

"I'm Johnny," said our small hero, quite meekly.

"And where my ye be bound to, Johnny?" said Jerry.

"To the depot. I'm going to New York," said Johnny, who thought this a mild way to tell Jerry he was running away.

"This road never took any one to the depot, Jacky. If I hand't come this way, ye'd been froze stiff in the morlun'."

Here Jerry rolled his eyes in a dreadful manner and trembled like one terribly frightened. Johnny would have cried hard, but he remembered how brave Jerry was when he ran away; so he winked hard to keep back his tears and said:

"Do you think I shall 'faze' now, Jerry?" Jerry thought not, if he minded him. So he lifted him into the sleigh, and they drove on.

"Is this the depot?" asked Johnny, when they stopped.

"Ye be hard on the depot. This is my house," said Jerry.

As he opened the door his mother said: "I've looked after ye since the 'ark, and what have ye there?" as she saw Johnny.

Mike, Jerry's father, sat by the stove, and there was a baby on the floor. Johnny thought he had never seen such a funny place.

He liked the baby best, although its yellow flannel night dress was dirty; but it wasn't quite his idea of a baby.

"What shall we do wid him, Mike?" said the lady of the house, as she saw Johnny's head bobbing and his eyes closing.

"I thought ye'd kape him here till the next train for New York," said Jerry laughing.

Mike laid down his pipe and began to put on his coat.

"Is it to go out again that yez will, this awful night, Mike?" said Maggie.

"Lay him on the bed; I've him to slape here to-night. Maggie. 'I'll go and make it aisy wid the old folks,'" said Mike.

"Well, what did she say?" said Maggie.

"She said I had better sit down an' ate some supper, to warm myself," said Mike.

Five minutes after they had learned where Johnny was, his grandfather and father were standing over him in Mike's house, standing over him and the baby in the yellow flannel night dress, for they were both in one bed, and Johnny's father saw them about as clearly as Johnny had seen the candle.

The family were thanked individually and collectively, from Mike down to the baby, who, when they left, was covered with sweet meats and toys brought from New York for Johnny. —*St. Nicholas.*

Fairbairn Minn.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I wish to tell you of a young medium, who has lately come among us from Oshkosh, Wisconsin. His name is Henry H. Warner. He speaks under control very finely; he also gives tests, both written and description. He gave three lectures, of an hour's duration each on Sunday, at the residence of Mr. Nicholas Travis, and the people seemed much pleased. One of the tests was that there were present a large number of friends unknown to the medium, and on their entering the circle room, he called them all by their proper names and assigned them seats in the circle. He had had no introduction to them, and had not even heard their names. He described persons, and gave names and wrote some messages in verse and some were spoken. All went away with a written communication from the other side, many of them in poetry. I am an old Spiritualist and have seen in my day many mediums and must say he bids fair to walk in the foremost ranks of inspirational speakers and test mediums. Truly Yours,

Mrs. L. H. HATHAWAY.
January 28, 1888.

"Two Sinners."

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There was a man, it was said one time,
Who went astray in his youthful prime.
Can the blood of a river that is running still
And boys will be boys the old folks say,
And a man's the better who's had his day.

The sinner reformed, the preacher told
Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold,
And a Christian people there upon the door
With a warm welcome there to meet him,
And a woman's voice gave him her hand,
And the old sinner turned his pathway with flowers
A bloom,
Crying, "God bless lady and God bless groom!"

There was a maiden went astray
In the golden dawn of her life's young day;
She had no more passion and heart to beat,
And a cold, cold, cold, cold, cold, cold,
And it was unbroken a dangerous guide,
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.

The woman repented and turned from sin,
But no one opened to let her in;
The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven,
And to her he looked for mercy in heaven,
For this is the law of earth, we know,
And a sinner's heart is cold, while the man may go
A brave man wedded her, after all,
But the world said frowning, "We shall not call!"

De Witness' Stand.

Now, I've got a notion in my head that when you
An' stan' de examination in de cote-house in de
sky,

You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's
gwine to ask
When he aile you on de witness stan' an' pin you
to de facts,

'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's
in de night,
An' de watermelon question's gwine to bodder you
a sight!

Den yer eyes 'll open wider dan dey eber done
befo',
When he chide you 'bout a chicken scrape dat
happened long ago!

De angel on de racket line, erlong de Milky Way,
Keep a watchin' what you do de 'at, an' 'hear'
what you say;
So matter what you want to do, no matter what
you's gwine,

Dey's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de
line,
An' 'bout at de meeting when you make a fuss an'
laugh,

Why dey send de news a-killin' by de golden tele-
graph;
Den de angel in de orle, what's a settin' by de gate,
Jes' ready de message wid a look and claps it on de
date,

Den you better do your duty well an' keep your
conscience clear
An' keep a lookin' straight ahead an' watchin'
what you do,

'Cause erter while de time 'll come to journey from
de lan',
An' dey 'll take you way up in de air, an' put you
on de stan'!

Den you'll had to listen to de clerk an' answer
mighty straight,
Ef you eber 'speak' to trable from de all-laster
gate!

—J. A. Macon in Century.

Written for The Better Way.
Let us be True to Ourselves.

Let all Spiritualists and mediums be true to their own souls advancement, then they will not be bothered with foolishness or fraud.

Let us ever bear in mind that we also are spirits and immortal minds, as much as any who passed beyond, and that our higher aim should be to develop these spirits of ours into higher life, knowledge and power; that no individual spirit from the inner life can or should be an absolute dictum to our own individualities. Let us hold ourselves toward the inner world as we hold ourselves toward the outer, knowing as we must that all grades of intelligence and classes of human development have passed and are passing beyond.

Spiritualism is cursed with too much credulity. There are some who would sooner take the most absurd advice from a disembodied spirit, rather than the most sound from an embodied one. This great tendency to believe that the people on the other side must know so much more than the people on this, is one of the main springs to all that has been detrimental to Spiritualism to-day.

There are too many mediums who trust exclusively to some one control, who sometimes tell great truths and sometimes greater falsehoods. Now, if all mediums would recognize the grandeur of their mission and never consent to be made a tool of by Tom, Dick, or Harry, they would do themselves and the world at large a lasting benefit.

The theory that evil spirits need to come back through us in order to get enlightenment I consider a very mischievous one, for the supposition must be that there are thousands of advanced minds in the spirit life who are able, willing, and more competent than we to educate the ignorant in their own world out of wrong. There are perhaps instances where some spirits need to make reparation for ill done in the body to some one still in this life, and of course such can only do so by coming through a medium.

We know of some who say "Oh, well; he is a medium," in order to excuse some drunken being who claims he is influenced by drunken spirits; instead of excusing we should frown down all such manifestations. If we want that which is exalting, we must put ourselves in a position to obtain it by cultivating our own soul forces, and ever aspiring after the good and true. Lying and drunken spirits will not bother a medium who will not harbor them, because by setting our wills firmly against them we close the door in their faces, and they soon tire of knocking where there is no admittance. Our own spiritual and personal welfare is more important than anything else; our own growth of soul and expansion of intellect, far beyond any spirit manifestation given on the globe. Spirit communion is grand and beautiful in its purity when we seek to commune with our dear departed, but to give up our individual selves and say that they shall be our oracles entirely, is simply to become the obedient slaves of ourselves, and we had better know nothing of spirit return than to get into such a lamentable condition.

Now, what we need, it seems to me, is to make far more of ourselves in a philosophical sense, and less of much that comes through spirit return; then as we get our own spirits educated upon higher planes of thought, we will draw "Nearer, my God, to thee;" and in doing this we draw nearer also to those who are good and true on the other side. We will then fear no one in this world, or the next, for we will have engraved upon us, "My mind to me my kingdom is," and in that kingdom we will rest content.

Fraternally, Mrs. E. L. MCCRACKEN.
Douglasville, Ga.

Written for The Better Way.

Spirit Problems.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

Modern Spiritualism claims to solve much that has seemed very mysterious to ignorance and superstition, but all the same it leaves many a mystery almost as much in the dark as ever.

Perhaps there is nothing more perplexing to the believer than the limit to the spirit return. We have now had "Gates Ajar" for well nigh forty years, and yet many of our old friends—noble men and women, perhaps investigators and believers whilst in earth life—have made no sign of the old love. Not a word comes back, save perhaps some almost grotesque personation or distorted message, that carries no evidence of identity to a reflective mind. This one fact, even if it stood alone, should sadden the heart and cool the fond enthusiasm of those who see in spirit return a giant lever to lift the world heavenward in a single generation; and it still remains a mystery why no wise spirit comes back to solve for us the problem.

It is no use denying that Modern Spiritualism as yet does little more than give us a new algebra by which some problems, impossible to the old arithmetic, may now be solved. But the use of the new system has yet to be learned. So some spirit friends come with a vivid personation that startles and awakes conviction. Others, alas! bring with them a dark cloud of doubt whenever we would faithfully believe them present, whilst myriads are silent, as if in the old grave, waiting the old judgment under the reign of Christian theology. But spirit silence chills our eager demand for a satisfactory explanation.

And, as we view the world of mortals, we see sin, sickness, suffering, woe, and man cursing his fellow just as in the days gone by. At one stage of history man holds his brother man to slavery by fetter and lash. At another he claims the right to own the land, and, whilst proclaiming universal freedom, establishes a yet worse slavery in the name of civilization. For instance, the Hindoos have no slave-driving overseers, but rent-collecting monsters have sunk that noble race into so debased a manhood, that history is silent as to their having ever dared to strike a blow for their own freedom. And machinery is to-day unfolding an intellect embodied in wood and iron and brass, with cranks and pulleys and cunning movements that hold the woman and the child to cruel task, but say to the strong man, "Go, starve; I have no use for you in the coming century!" But, alas! just as the advanced spirit has given no sign either of power or will to help the poor Hindoo, so he is silent in this the hour of our greatest need. And, as if this were not enough of agony for the present (and dull despair for the future), we have a vast system of theology proclaiming that man is a mental slave by birth, whose only hope of salvation is to smother his own mind, and think as he is ordered by his slave-owning God through the overseers, who call themselves priests and teachers of the holy church.

Amidst all this saddening outlook came a gleam of sunshine, for there were men and women who began to read and to think, and sometimes to act, regardless of what priest and creed might say. But all the same the inflexible church was wide awake to the danger, and, having laid his plans, suddenly seized our entire system of education by the throat. Parochial schools are already established, or to be established, in every parish in our land, whose business is to see that the rising generation shall be mentally dwarfed to the old level. And in a few years it will be that not a man of that church may dare to think his own thought, or seek his own aim uncurbed by the priest. The ages we called "dark" and thought dead long ago, have awoke as from a drunken stupor, and are vomiting their superstitions and ignorance all over the dying years of the 19th century. It is but a repetition of the old history. Brahmin priests have used Brahmin priests to maintain their rule in India for 5000 years; and the spirits of the Catholic Christendom are sinking to the bed-rock their foundation for a coming rule in America.

What have our Spiritualists of 1888 to say to these problems that declare the helplessness of the advanced spirit to raise to higher manhood those who will put forth no self-effort? Are they awake to the danger and their responsibility, or are they willing the hour with some phenomenon, unearthing that it too has its unsolved mysteries. The facts will speak for themselves. See the vast majority playing with ghosts, and usually fooled to their heart's content. Watch yonder cabinet. Screw in your partition and label it "fraud-proof" from the mortal side. Now remember that since the form cannot be mortal it must be spirit. How glorious, how thrilling! Listen to your name, and that of your darling, as it falls from materialized lips. What a grand test! The light was not very good; but what of that. There was the test, so all, all is from the spirit. Joy, unutterable joy, as the form sinks into the floor, leaving you breathless, but with an enthusiasm that carries you

home to dream of more such nerve-excitement exhibitions.

But the old mystery is there all the same. Did you mark that child-form and sweet voice that gave key note to the entertainment by wit and sharp repartee; so wonderful because from childish lips in child-like form? Do you remember how ten years ago you went to these same "Gates Ajar," and that the same "wee one" was there, rocking in the same little chair, and talking with the same childish voice from the same form that has grown no bigger in all these years? The girl who waved a flag, and left it on the floor as she vanished, is there still, and is the same old girl. And the presiding spirit has the same tone and pondrous dignity, with never a wrinkle of age or a gleam of agehood, to mark the passing years. What does it all mean? Dare you stop and think, O, test worshipper, and then apply your thought to the forms that give you the wonderful tests, and that call you father, mother, brother, sister, or dear old friend? or are you given to ignore these problems, and say as of old, "I know it is my mother because she carries the old look, and besides she gave me wonderful tests known only to us two?" Do you suppose your mother carries those wrinkles in her spirit life; that she totters as she walks the golden streets of the New Jerusalem; or utters blessings on her child through trembling limbs and toothless gums?

I am amazed at the superstitious belief of thousands calling themselves Spiritualists, who seem unable to rise one inch above the phenomena. The ignorant savage of yesterday fled shrieking from the dreaded ghost. The ignorant believer of to-day throws his arms around that ghost's neck and exclaims, "O, my prophetic soul, my uncle." Such fear, and such faith, are alike ridiculous to the man who has learned to do his own thinking.

Of course the average Spiritualist declares that all is beautiful "because it must be my mother and can't be anybody else." He shuts his eyes to the fact that that child-form is not the real child, for no real child stays at the same mental and physical level year after year. But if that child be not the spirit it seems, why should your spirit mother be a living truth? That is a question for you to answer, O test-hunting Spiritualist. And it is no answer for you to point us to spirit power and tell us your friends come in the old-time form so that you may identify them. Why should it be the mother you seek any more than the child you lie used to ten years ago?

But don't, dear reader, now rush to the other extreme and declare you didn't think of that and now believe there is no truth in materialization. My object is to stir you to do some unthought thinking, and these cabinet mysteries are only trifling problems compared to those involved in the race problems with which I began my article. And let us remember that Modern Spiritualism comes not as a crutch to our old manhood, but to stimulate us to self-effort whereby we may gain knowledge and power, each for himself, that shall enable us to solve just such mysterious as these.

And yet further let us take careful note that just as the spirit of evil has ever proved more potent than the spirit of good in man's dark past, so will it surely be here in America unless man of to-day shall gain a knowledge and evolve a power that shall hold him secure against invisible foes. From self-effort shall come protection.

463 W. 23rd street, N. Y.

Seance With Mrs. Cissna.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

It always affords me great pleasure to be able to speak of such grand and noble instruments for the manifestation of exalted intelligence as Mrs. Anna Cissna, of your city, who has just favored us with a visit. And while calling upon some of her acquaintances socially, one was impressed to get the slate, "a very formidable weapon to skepticism." But looking in vain for a pencil, it was at last concluded that we would have to content ourselves with other pleasures of the evening. During the interlude, however, Mrs. Cissna, with two other persons were holding the slate, with no other conditions but strong gaslight and without pencil. The company, as was Mrs. Cissna, surprised and overjoyed to see there written, in good legible writing, greetings from children and friends of our future life, besides many other wonderful manifestations that came through her organism.

This is given to show the progress in development of Mrs. Cissna, and the promises made to a restoration of her former power in materialization, which was witnessed by your humble servant, so far back as June 1880, which I will attempt to describe, thinking that it may yet be of interest to your many readers. And every assertion can be vouched for by the fifteen persons who were present, all in one voice declaring that they never before nor since witnessed such wonderful materialization with the medium conscious and in full view while the manifestations occurred; yet it has been so long since. Minor occurrences will be omitted, and only those of a startling character will be given. There were no conditions required more than to an ordinary social gathering, any more than the hanging of two shawls in one corner of the room, behind which the medium sat, (at that time Mrs. Cooper). The spectators forming a horseshoe circle within two feet of the improvised cabinet, while two kerosene lamps, one setting on the piano about eighteen feet from the cabinet, with the other setting on a center table about two or three feet outside the circle, burning brightly during the entire seance. With music upon the piano, the manifestations began immediately upon everything becoming quiet. The first that could be heard was the medium calling upon your

humble servant to draw aside the shawl and see the formation of what afterwards developed into a real tangible, living human being—a cousin, who had passed away during the rebellion, twenty years previous, and who had grown almost, of recollection to your correspondent.

But shortly getting more power, he walked out and to my side where he remained in full view of fully forty-five minutes, giving his name and incidents of his life while on earth. That removed all doubt as to his identity. He seemed to give strength by his remaining by my side during this wonderful seance, for spirit after spirit, in rapid succession, came to different persons in the circle. Among them all is one of a child between three or four years, who glided through the circle to its mamma, who was playing the piano, jumping into her lap, kissing and caressing her, leaving flowers as memento that she had been there. Tears of joy were shed by the entire circle at this most wonderful performance of spirit power. Yet the half had not been said, nor can pen describe, words seem inadequate to give this proper expression. But bare with me until I describe the coming of my companion, who had recently passed to higher life; also an uncle who met with an accident some seven or eight years previous, that caused his demise. I have been in no condition until now to write of this seance, such an impression did it make upon my mind and life. That when she, the spirit, parted the shawl, in company with my uncle, by her side, the medium in full view, and the spirit of my cousin leaning on my shoulder, dressed in the most exquisite white, that heart nor tongue could give expression to feelings. But after going to two of her acquaintances in the circle for recognition, they, together, glided over to me, my cousin, in the meantime, encouraging me all the time to remain passive, that I might destroy the condition through which they came. We were there in loving embrace for some minutes, conversing over the events that could leave no doubt that they were whom they purported to be.

They then seated themselves inside the circle and rocked to and fro during the entire time of the other manifestations. To each person of that circle, amongst whom there was a very dear orthodox friend, who had not witnessed anything of the spirit, who had lost, as he had supposed, a companion eleven years ago. Just then she came to him in all her resplendent glory, bringing proof positive to him that she yet lived, and would soon pilot him over the silent river where they would live together in peace and harmony, which has recently occurred, causing him to remark, "Oh, grave where is thy victory, oh death where is thy sting?" The spirits then as there was at no time less than two materialized spirits dematerialized through the floor, in full view, to again reappear. Parting the shawl, with my uncle and cousin on either side of my companion with locked arms, swaying to and fro, keeping time to the music being played upon the piano, "Sweet By and By."

Think you, my friends, you can conceive the grandeur of this spectacle, and that we did not drink at the fountain where each cup was full to overflowing. Blessing upon blessings, from lips divine, while tears of joy and regrets at parting from such an Eden could not have been more divine. And while we were under the impression that the manifestations were brought to a close from disturbances necessary to our departure, my friend's companion, as did my own, reappear and follow us out into the hall to the outer door, some twenty-five or thirty feet from the medium, and there bid us an affectionate farewell, with God-given blessings, that they would guard, guide and direct our footsteps through life.

Thus closed one of the most remarkable seances, for full form and materialization that it has ever been the province of mortal to witness; and this through an organism that is no less exalted spiritually than those dead ones gone before. Friends, do you imagine that it does not afford me the most exquisite joy to be able to do the smallest favors for this grand and noble instrument. The spirits surely have made no mistake in selecting Mrs. Anna Cissna for their God given mission to enlighten an ignorant world. Many mortals can thus testify. God bless our media, is the prayer of

"ECHO."

DAYTON, O., Jan. 22, 1883.

The Destiny of the Human Soul.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Sunday, January 29th, Rev. Mr. J. Savage gave his eleventh sermon on religious reconstruction, taking the above-named subject for elucidation. The Boston Herald, on the following day, printed the essential points connected with it.

The sermon was a masterly one, and covered the philosophy of modern Spiritualism, as well as did Thomas Gales Forster and Mrs. Cora Richmond, and many other inspired speakers, some thirty or more years ago.

Mr. Savage alluded to nearly all the different religious sects, including Protestantism, Roman Catholicism, to that of Swedenborgianism, but omitted, intentionally or otherwise, according to the Herald report, to allude to Spiritualism. If he could have, with propriety, designated his sermon Spiritualism, and the Spiritualists would not have detected any new sentiments from what has been advanced by the advocates of spiritualistic philosophy from the first inspired utterances in the first lectures given by spirits through mediums.

Where did the Rev. Mr. Savage obtain these views? Was it from the spiritualistic literature, or from Protestantism or Unitarianism, or Swedenborgianism? Has any sect but Spiritualists advanced any such views before?

Has Mr. Savage embraced spiritualistic philosophy? or has he become unfolded as a medium for inspirational thoughts from denizens of the spirit world?

The Psychical Research Society, of which he is a member, will watch him closely if he advances such sentiments without he can do so and not recognize Spiritualism. One step more. Mr. Savage, and that is, be bold enough to declare that you believe in the philosophy of modern Spiritualism in regard to a future life, Boston, Mass. A SPIRITUALIST.

THE BETTER WAY.

THE WAY PUBLISHING COMPANY
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L. BARNEY, EDITOR
Assisted by a Corps of able Writers.

CINCINNATI, FEBRUARY 11, 1888

At Two Dollars per Year to Subscribers in the United States; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents to Foreign Countries. No subscription entered till paid for, but sample copies will be sent to any address on application.

"Give us justice and love will take care of itself," says Sister Waisbrooker; but love of justice must precede the advent of the fact, else the good cannot be delivered. Love of everything good will generate goodness under all conditions, and we certainly anticipate no controversy on this point.

"We do not doubt the facts of Spiritualism. It is the use made of these facts that we question."—Foundation Principles. That is the idea exactly. Spiritualism will never fill its high mission till its truths are utilized for the spiritualization of humanity, and for no other purpose. Those who make merchandise of it defile the sanctuary of the Living God.

The Metropolitan National Bank, of this city, whose capital was \$1,000,000, has followed the Fidelity into the liquidating domain of the Comptroller of the Currency. The absence of panic in the money market is eloquent testimony to the beneficent operation of our national banking system, but it turns out that Messrs. Harper and Hopkins were not the only inept financiers among Cincinnati bankers.

Several outlying districts, like Carthage and Columbus, are celebrating what they call a "boom" in real estate. Investigation shows nothing more phenomenal than the normal condition of the real estate market in Cincinnati, and were this city to enjoy a genuine boom, like that of 1856, for instance, our outlying would be indeed astounded. It is bound to come during this present (Centennial) year of our Lord, and it is proper to bear the fact well in mind.

At the celebration of the Fortieth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, to be held in this city next month, the Ohio Valley Association of Spiritualists will be formed from adherents of the cause in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Pennsylvania, and such others as are inclined to join such an Association. Every society and every community in the territory mentioned should send delegates to this anniversary occasion, and from such material that a strong organization may be secured.

Does a man owe a greater or more binding obligation to the labor organization of which he is a member than to his family? It was said at the time of its occurrence that the great strike of the Chicago stock yard men was brought about by the preponderating number of single men of the union who voted for it in opposition to the married men, who voted against it. The latter, bounden by their obligation to the order, could not continue at work, although, to save their wives and children from suffering, they desired to do so. The single men, with none dependent upon them for support and able at a moment's notice to pack their gripsacks and seek work elsewhere, knew nothing of the misery and suffering they inflicted upon their brothers who had to look out for the care and support of families.

It would seem as if the first duty of men as due to their wives and children and that they could owe no allegiance elsewhere which would in any way conflict with that. To feed, clothe, warm and shelter those that are of their own flesh and blood are paramount duties, and no man should, we think, voluntarily assume obligations which would deter him from performing those natural and primary duties. This is a suggestion which, we think, workmen should take into serious consideration.

MR. EMERSON'S TESTS.

Since the first of January, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson has given platform tests at Grand Army Hall every Sunday morning and evening, to the satisfaction of large audiences. So full of detail and so true to fact have been many of these tests that skeptics are astonished, and not a few have embraced the truth as thus brought home to their comprehension. We have omitted a lengthy notice of this branch of the Sunday services for the apparently good reason that description of tests becomes monotonous, and that, although intensely interesting in the language of the medium and the responses of the interlocutors, the cold type their magnetism is lost; and while the details are of moment to the parties directly interested, to the general reader they are flat and stale.

Beyond question, Mr. Emerson stands face to face with the mysterious domain where the spirits of our departed loved ones find an asylum, and talks with them as with dear friends, for he proves in the messages brought to hungry souls that none but their familiar spirits could thus communicate, for no other could be cognizant of the facts so imparted. He brings these evidences of spirit communion with mortals to utter strangers, and gives names and dates as readily as if he were familiar with all the circumstances. No sane man can close his eyes against proofs so conclusive and satisfactory.

ORGANIZATION.

From good discipline, good results may always be expected, and in this regard many church organizations are worthy of commendation. System must rule in every successful undertaking, and it is generally true that where the system is most rigid success is most positively assured. The frequent intimation that Spiritualism is not organized is indeed true, and the conclusion, therefore, that it is not systematic, must be conceded. Still, it is measurably prosperous and continually progressing, for it is founded upon an active and undying element and will not rest; but its adherents are from every class and condition of people, and the unreasoned conclusion seems to be that they will not submit to discipline; that they want no system; that organization will prove a hindrance rather than a help. This is a mistaken view. System and organization are just as powerful in the furtherance of scientific or philosophic ends as in the discipline of an army, and this will be proved in the experience of Spiritualism within the coming ten years. The movement in this direction has already begun.

In an interview on Tuesday, a recent Metropolitan Bank failure, Mr. E. L. Harper undertakes to make a "scape-goat" of Spiritualism, and lay the blame of the Fidelity failure to the fact that spirits told Mr. Hopkins wheat would go to \$1.50. Mr. Hopkins may have received such a message, but, if it was not correct, why did not the good spirits of Methodism, Presbyterianism and Episcopalianism, so fully represented in the Fidelity Directory, interpose their information and save the bank? Those who find it convenient to prate about Hopkins's Spiritualism, in this case, may at some time find it politic to look to the welfare of their own particular "wanity" and learn why its promptings played them false. Mr. Hopkins's "doxy" will then be found to be quite as clear-headed as theirs.

Spiritualism—What it is and What it is Not.

NO. I.

From Spirit Ludwig Brunner, through H. H. WALKER, Medium.

Spiritualism is knowledge of the fact that the immortality of the soul is fully demonstrated beyond a cavil or doubt in the minds of those who will readily accept the truths we are endeavoring to point out to suffering humanity.

It is not a fraudulent and quack system at all, but may properly take its stand among the sciences of the earth; for science is demonstrated truth, and Spiritualism is demonstrated to be true, hence it is a science.

Spiritualism is not free love, anarchy, destruction of our social system, or philosophy or mind cure, or Christian science, but a way whereby the spirit in earth form may commune with the spirit that has left the earth form for a higher and purer life.

We hold these truths to be self-evident to any reasonable and untrammelled mind:

First—Man is an immortal being.

Second—Spirit controls matter.

Third—Spirit communes with spirit in whatever form it may be.

Fourth—There can be no retrogression; hence no reincarnation.

Fifth—Every person is capable of communing with spirit friends.

In support of these spirit axioms, to those who cannot readily see or willfully will not see, we present the following demonstrations to prove our position:

The first should need no demonstration, but being once proven the rest naturally follow.

Why is man immortal? and how do we know it? Because there is within man something of a finer nature than the mere clay that envelopes the spiritual body, and it is unreasonable and beyond the bounds of justice to suppose for a moment that the infinite father and mother nature placed, or caused to be placed, through their laws, a being on earth who would have the longings and aspirations for immortality if immortality did not exist.

We hear a skeptical inquiry, "How do you know this?" and in reply submit the following:

Man has at the present day an irresistible longing for life hereafter; no matter if he is a soul-sleeper and thinks he must wait for the resurrection, he longs for and believes in a future life; and not all the brilliant and false logic of alleged scientists of materialistic tendency can destroy that longing and belief.

Whence comes that longing, if not from the fact that immortality does exist, and that this has remained to man from among the knowledge that the ancient man possessed when it was said, "And he walked with God." This was but an allegorical expression of the grand truth of spirit communion. The ancient priesthood believed in spirit communion, and taught it first, but becoming imbued with the love of power they kept it finally a secret from all but the initiated. Their records have been destroyed alike by the insensate fury of Mohammedan and Christian, or so-called Christian bigotry. We hold that among these records there existed a proof of the knowledge of the immortality of the soul.

These having been destroyed in the interests of a fanatical and selfish sect, there now exists no proof of it except from the evidence given from the spirit world; and who are so competent to testify in their own behalf as the spirits themselves.

"But wait, you cannot call up evidence that does not exist," says a friend.

"My friend, how do you know that it does not exist?" "Why, common sense teaches us that."

"Then, my dear sir, or madame, you must use your common sense, and turn to your own Scriptures and look there for over 850 instances of spirit communion. If you read, and read understandingly, you will be convinced without any more evidence."

"But," says the persistent objector, "those were Bible times." "Bible grandfathers! There are and were no more Bible times than there is a present Bible time. Today is as much of a Bible time, as 1800 B. C., A. D. 33 or A. D. 1, and so on through the whole calendar of saintly or unsaintly exploits of alleged righteous men," particularly him who stole another man's wife and drew the men, women and children of a conquered city, over harrows and saws, etc. What was possible then in the way of spirit communion is as possible now. If you accept the Bible, and as a good church member and professing Christian you undoubtedly do, then you must accept the record of spirit communion. If you deny spirit communion you deny the ground work of your own system, which is based pre-eminently upon the doctrine of inspiration and spirit messengers.

You say the messengers were angels. Well, my dear friend, no one denies that. An angel means a messenger. In the ancient Hebrew and Greek the word our translators have so misused means a messenger, an angel or a bright spirit. So how are you going to escape from the logical conclusion that the Scriptures teach spirit communion; and if spirit communion is true, then the spirit or soul, as you choose to call it, is immortal.

If the soul was immortal in so-called Bible times, it is immortal now; for what was possible then is possible now. Once in existence always in existence, is a rule that applies to spirit as well as to matter. The chemist says you cannot destroy matter. You may change its form, but not the fact that it is still matter. So with spirit. It may change its appearance, but it still is spirit, immortal, but finite in powers and faculties. It can learn and progress toward infinity of power, but except as to existence it can never approach to the infinite father and mother nature in power.

Man, then, has an immortal soul, taking the testimony of the Scriptures, but here is a friend over here who denies the Scriptures. We must convince him by other methods. Here begins the task of modern Spiritualism, so called; although Spiritualism is older than the earth, older than man or anything now in existence, except the Infinite Being.

To the denier of Scripture, we present the testimony of Socrates, Plato, Critias, Anaximander and Apollonius of Syracuse, or the great Solon, and even that teacher of transmigration or reincarnation, Pythagoras. You are ready to accept their philosophy, so long as it agrees with your preconceived ideas, but when you come to the doctrine of the immortality and return of the spirit, you see Socrates' or any of the philosophers' handwritings, that you are competent to judge. May not the same man write in two different styles? Is there any similarity between "Harold the Dauntless" and the "Lady of the Lake," and yet the master hand of Scott penned them both.

If reasoning will not convince you neither will facts brought up and sworn to. You must come and see for yourself. Come into the spiritual circle and keep your hands and tongues off and take what comes. If you get a description of a departed friend or relative, and the medium says I cannot give you the name, but the party says so-and-so, and you were not thinking of them at the time, you surely ought to have the manhood or womanhood to acknowledge it; and if that does not convince you, the next time you may get the proof.

What is evidence of guilt to one juror may be wholly rejected by another, and each one may try and examine for himself or herself.

We have already taken too much time on this proposition, and so have only time for a brief statement as to the proposition following. We cannot discuss them in this article, but hope to present them more fully in succeeding numbers, if the editor will allow us space.

Yours truly, LUDWIG BRUNNER.

Words of Cheer.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Your very readable and interesting paper reached me here, and I find it all it was recommended—a welcome guest to every household. Enclosed please find order for one copy. Would that I had the means to send for fifty, to be forwarded to as many hungry souls, who are starving for just such food as you prepare for each and every one who reads THE BETTER WAY. Go on, brother, the angels will bless you and yours.

There are many good people all through the country who wish to get in communication with a good, truthful medium—one they can depend upon. As I have spent much time in investigating for years, I think I am prepared to say to you and the many good readers of THE BETTER WAY that they can find one of the oldest and most reliable test, trance and medical mediums we have in the country in Mrs. L. P. Anderson, No 30 Ogden avenue, Chicago. She is receiving many letters in every mail from every part of our broad land, and no one gets an answer from her controls (Dr. Randall, Violet and fair Alice) but feel well pleased, and are ready to bless her and them for the good things they get from their loved ones in the summer land. I think her terms are \$2 for answers.

Wishing great success in your blessed labors in this noble vineyard, believe me a true friend in the work and of THE BETTER WAY.

A. M. M.

A Curious Discovery.

An Albany physician claims to have made a curious discovery. He says he has remarked a failing in the muscular powers of many business men, and on inquiry found that they had been using type writers or employing stenographers instead of writing their own letters. This the physician declares with much show of earnestness, has deprived business men of very little desirable exercise of the right arm, and has to some extent affected their general health. This physician, it may be stated, is remarkable for his extraordinary acute powers of observation.—[Albany Cur. Brooklyn Eagle.

Letter from Henry VIII., on Media and Mediumship.

TUDOR CASTLE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Tuesday, January 28, 1888.

To the Editor of The Better Way.
In a private communication addressed to C. M. Keath, you made this very kind and loving statement. After having referred to the articles of C. M. Keath, you said "King Henry VIII is more than grand." Dear mortal friend, I value most highly your generous appreciation of my efforts for good through your BETTER WAY, and I wish to extend you my thanks, and also to say that L. Barney's grandeur of soul taught him charity and human kindness in behalf of a progressive spirit. Were there more L. Barney's in the world, darkness and misery would give place to light and happiness for beings such as I. Permit me once again to write through your paper to the world at large upon the subject.

MEDIA AND MEDIUMSHIP.

First: what are media, and what are their relations to mortal and spirit? Media or medium, signifies between two, because of its Latin root its plural is "ia" and not "ums." Between two, so that in its widest sense anything coming between is a medium. For instance a deaf person hears through the medium trumpet or may perceive through the medium dentophone. Through the medium of books do we all obtain great knowledge. Through the medium of letter writing, do we communicate thought and feeling to our friends, and through the medium of fire, do we obtain both necessities and comforts. But in its most generally accepted sense, a medium is an instrument through whom the two worlds may converse. Now note, I have said an instrument. The least delicate medium of which we know, is a plain table, upon which through the interblending of mortal and spiritual magnetism the spirit may operate. The most highly delicate and sensitive instrument is the human organism, through whom in a multiplicity of ways, to you most intricate, subtle and occult, spirits make known to earth their presence. Now regarding this all important subject, mediumship, I would ask your most earnest attention. We have just learned that the most highly sensitive medium is a human being. Now, my beloved, humanity is one great medium, that is to say, it was impossible to find one being upon whom some spirit could not operate. But there are chosen individuals, and so chosen by reason of delicate nervous tissue, highly sensitive brain, thinly enshrouded spirit, and capable of mesmeric influence, or psychologic influence, upon whom, by whom, and through whom, we in the real world must converse with you in the shadow world. Now my children the psychologic influence would at once place your media in position to be acted upon, by any being stronger than themselves. This is both reasonable and intelligible to you all. Well then, it becomes your highest and most sacred and most important duty, to defend and preserve your media from perverted influences both in your world and ours. I will cite a little example which very recently attracted my attention. The man from whom this is quoted is both honest and upright. Speaking to a friend he said: "I have read much spiritualistic literature, and communications purporting to come from exalted characters, puerile, and incapable of their sentiment." Well, that may be, or it may not be, but one thing is certain, that the spirit communication partakes of the nature of the instrument through which it must pass, just as clear pure water is affected if it pass over muddy soil. Now, my children, that is your fault if the communication be vitiated, and why? Because you are so exacting, so prejudiced, so ungenerous, nay, so mistrustful of your media, that in many cases your own vitiated selfhoods furnish the muddy soil. For instance; a man desires a sitting, or in more refined and more elegant terms, a man desires spiritual converse. He seeks out a medium, and finding one, demands (many times in rather a rude way); "What do you charge?" And learning the terms he enters the medium's presence and prepares to meet his spirit friends with such thoughts as these: "Wonder if I can trust this person?" "How am I to be sure that my friends come to me?" "Wonder how many tests I'll get for my fee?" "I wonder if I'll learn anything to my advantage?" And "if they don't give me their names and answer the questions which I have set apart in my mind, I know this person is a fraud; I'm convinced of it if that be the case."

Well, the guest or petitioner may be the stronger medium of the two, and mayhap the spirits whom his mistrust attracted may take possession of his medium and give him as many lies as he expected, or his own evil thoughts may be reflected within his medium, and so close up the channels of communication that none of his dear ones can reach him, and of course that is the medium's fault. Human beings are so eager to blame every one but themselves that "scapegoats" from any direction are hailed with eagerness. The greatest example of this is that of the great medium Jesus, upon whose poor shoulders humanity would cast all the blackness and filth of its unrighteousness. Woe unto you who seek thus to get rid of your failings. Moments, hours, years, nay centuries, may be required ere the medium of evil which ye have builded for yourselves be by yourselves broken and the medium of righteousness erected in its stead. Now, my children, those who condemn media, are small, puerile, and intensely mistrustful of themselves, for from our own individual stand points do we judge of others' acts. And never, so long as there is one crier of fraud left, can spirits and mortals blend in universal harmony. Therefore do I entreat you, educate, refine, and uplift your media. Seek not to charge them publicly with immorality; endeavor rather to point out the good, and by so doing, to raise unto them a standard for which they may worthily strive. Be willing to support your media liberally. Many of them give up their time, their opportunities for obtaining a livelihood in any other profession. Hence dear friends, their object is not to accumulate wealth, for by my knightly faith they'd stand a poor chance, indeed. So far as I know, it is the poorest profession upon record and the most thankless. But their desire is merely to gain an honorable necessity of any supposed dishonesty. Treat media as human beings, give them credit for as much heart and sense as ordinary individuals possess. Love them, cherish them, reverence them for the good they bring to you. Teach them to love beautiful things, teach them to deem all the world pure, by actual experience and not by theory or fancy. Lastly, encourage by neither word nor deed any spirit who would use them amiss. Reprove bad language, reprove false statement, reprove perverse doctrine. Try the spirit, whether he be of God or man, for according to their fruits shall ye know them. Do this, and forth from the media shall flow the river of life, which will quench humanity's thirst and purge and purify for eternal blessedness. HENRY TUDOR VIII.

Written for The Better Way.

Experiences in Materialization.

NO. I.

My experience in materialization and thoughts suggested, will doubtless, interest some of your readers and add a taper light to the flood now becoming brighter every day. My father, Rev. Reuel Keith, D. D., of Alexandria, Va., who passed over about forty years ago, is seen by the clairvoyant to be with me, and I recognize his assistance whenever theological matter is introduced.

As experiments in materialization are extremely delicate, they require for their success quiet and magnetic rest only equalled in the case of experiments in the higher physical sciences. No one is fit to go to a seance who does not go with the same sort of respect that he would go to Tennyson's or Morton's lectures. For this reason such experiments are not generally successful in the presence of a rude and antagonistic crowd. Tyndall himself could not speak before an audience disposed to ridicule and perhaps throw stones at his instruments.

Attempts more or less successful have been made by the spirits to exhibit their phenomena before large audiences, but in these cases the audiences have been separated so far from the performers that their evidence is to many minds inconclusive.

Dr. A. W. S. Rothermel, the well known medium, was the first whose seances I attended. I have no words for those who could know personally Dr. Rothermel and consider him capable of fraud. I myself so seldom take a knave for an honest man, that I have no sympathy with those who are in perpetual fear of being deceived. At the proper time, the doctor went into a curtained bay window. The window was on a public street where persons were continually passing to and fro, and was thoroughly examined at the doctor's request. As soon as the room was quieted with a little music, the doctor went into the curtained recess and was tightly, rather cruelly, tied to a chair, so that he could move nothing but his head. He was then entirely covered with the curtains, leaving only his head and face visible. In a few minutes arms and hands wereseen outside of the curtain, and they began to make a playful attack upon the head of the medium, such as snatching away his cap, and hitting him with a guitar or some such thing. Then handkerchiefs were called for, and as they were handed near the curtain, were snatched through it. Something was generally written on the handkerchief, and it was thrown back again through the curtain. All these passages of hands and other things through the curtain took place without disturbing it in the least, not giving it so much as a shake even. There were of course no openings of any kind in the curtain, except the one through which the doctor's head appeared. Being familiar with physical experiments of all kinds, I was in a state of mind to witness the phenomena without wonder or excitement. As far as the ordinary senses go, I was in a position to know exactly what was done. I do not hesitate to say hands and parts of arms appeared on the outside of the curtain at various places. The arms appeared for a few seconds, moved about rapidly and then disappeared. There are two reasons why these acts of invisible beings fail to convince their witnesses of their invisible existence. The first is timidity and an educated fear of a future world and time of retribution, in which all their sins, little by little, will be remembered. This fear induced a hope that the spirit world is further off, and they accept any belief rather than believe that they are right in the midst of myriads who have lived on the earth before them, and in some cases with them. The second reason is in a general ignorance of the ways and methods of the so called jugglers; and in that ignorance they conceive the jugglers' power to deceive to be unlimited, forgetting that they thus assume a condition far more incredible than that of spirit existence; and forgetting too that they are excluding the only explanation of much of the jugglers' work which has hitherto been unexplained.

For an educated man to see a beautiful white arm appear and disappear on the outside of a black curtain, and perform acts of intelligence suitable to the occasion like any other arm, is sufficient to establish in his mind the whole subject of materialization, and to render plausible all the thousand similar phenomena reported and published all over the world at the present day. Science would be glad to have many of its principles established by any thing like as good evidence as now abounds, for those who will look in the right way for it, of the appearance and disappearance of human bodies more or less fully and perfectly shown.

Knowing myself the whole range of physical possibilities, I know that what I saw was what it appeared to be, and am glad to testify that we are now in the midst of what was foretold near 2000 years ago as the first resurrection. All who are worthy can now walk alive again among their fellow men, and will do so whenever they are kindly dealt with and gratefully received. Those only are worthy of this power of resurrection who love God with all their hearts and their neighbors as themselves. No spirit desiring to do evil can make the first step in materialization. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection. On such the second death hath no power.

Fraternally, REUEL KEITH.

A Voice in the Wilderness.

PALMETTO, TENN., FEB. 1, 1888.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I will write you this from the largest scope of country with less knowledge of the great truth of Spiritualism, perhaps, than any other part of the Union. I was fifty-one years old before I ever heard a rap. Perhaps I would still have been as ignorant to this day, had I not lost my bosom companion, which occurred on 19th April, 1881. I was so deeply affected by grief, that my friends became alarmed for my health. I was impressed to such a degree that I began to make enquiries for a medium. I heard of Mrs. Myers, of Chattanooga. I went to see her on 25th of June.

Then I found that which has been ridiculed and condemned for ages, i. e., spirit communication. I heard from my angel wife. I kept up an honest investigation till I became satisfied, and am now waiting for the time when I shall pass over and be with the dear ones on the other side. It was some time more than a year before all my doubts of the great truth were removed.

I regard Mrs. Myers as one of my most particular friends. I have visited her several times at intervals of a year or more. My principal object in writing at this time is to say, that I visited Chattanooga on the 10th of December. I had not seen Mrs. Myers for near two years, owing to sickness in my family. Mrs. Myers was not well, but she nevertheless gave me a very satisfactory seance. I saw my father, brother, sister, and my angel wife. My sister had passed over since I had seen Mrs. Myers. Yet she called her name to me before she appeared; and she not only showed herself, but also an infant boy, which she had lost some time before her death. All was satisfactory, I have no doubt, and the conditions were good, no one except the family being present.

I hope to be at the Lookout Camp Meeting when the time comes, and I have a few every evening friends who will go with me.

Success to THE BETTER WAY.

Yours, fraternally, R. S. M.

Written for The Better Way.

Thoughts of Man About God.

How few think of God, as He is, because He is too infinite for finite minds to comprehend. Immortal, unchangeable, He is the mystery of mysteries. Man knows nothing of God but in the abstract. He is so short sighted he cannot discern spiritual things, and he knows not himself. Man thinks himself wise, but coming to the other side he will find himself ignorant of everything. Man upon the other side is not what he is here. Then his littleness and ignorance are known. Immortality brings all to light, and when he passes over he is overwhelmed with awe and wonder. Man does not think much about himself then, but is mindful of others; and so he thinks of God as far above the things of earth, and the thoughts that come to him are pure and holy.

Man, the creature made by God,
The holy, pure and good,
Will not be left to live alone,
But claim immortal food.

Man is not the man to be,
Many thoughts he thinks of here,
But he thinks the thoughts of God,
When within immortal sphere,
ROCKY REST, CONN. GATIE.

The Servant of the Future.

A Brief, Sad Glimpse at a Twentieth Century Household.

The hired girl had arisen from her luxurious couch and was standing before the dressing table in her boudoir arranging her long, badly beaten gold-bued tresses in a fashion which would tend to keep them from falling too numerous into the squalid preparations of the cuisine department, over which she reigned supreme. Upon the marble top before her lay a programme of the Coach Gentlemen and Hostlers' grand ball which she had attended the evening before.

She picked it up and carelessly glanced over the names of her partners—James E. Quine, C. A. B. Driver, Samuel Hanson, Peter Herdick (he X mark) and a dozen others who had sought her hand in the mazy evening before. Which did she care for the most?

Suddenly upon the stairway a voice floated softly. She started up and there was a strange menacing light in her eyes.

Again the words came distinctly to her ears from the unseen speaker below, but she answered not.

Coming from the luxurious divan upon which she had thrown herself, she waited, but the voice did not come again.

Ten minutes later there was a knock at her door. She started and received from a liveried page a delicately scented note. It read: "Mrs. Wealthy's compliments to Miss De Cook, and asks if she may expect a few moments' assistance in the preparation of the dinner to-morrow."

Turning languidly to an elegantly carved escutcheon the maid dashed off the following and handed it to the waiting boy, who bowed and vanished.

"Miss De Cook's compliments to Mrs. Wealthy and thinks she is to fresh and ask more than the contrab calls for."

"But will give Mrs. Wealthy audience at 5.30 and consult and advise regarding the repeat though Miss De Cook is much too engaged to assist in preparing it."

LIFE AND HEALTH.

The Perfect Life.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Your good paper grows better every week. You cannot fail of increasing its subscription if it continues to draw to it such an array of talent.

Last evening I addressed a large and appreciative audience in one of the halls in this city, and reviewed the rise and progress of modern Spiritualism, and its relations to what is now called mental cure and Christian science. That to have an understanding of these two phases of thought, was to elevate and bring out into clearer light, our beloved philosophy. No class of people have a right to claim as high a knowledge of these things as have Spiritualists. They, for the last forty years, have been steadily, step by step, unfolding these new issues; and while many persons are seeking to array themselves and practice the divine law of cure, we know that there is nothing new in it, but an opening of the same mediumistic power which has been so many times manifested by our good and true mediums. But it is a delight to us, who have borne the heat and burden of the day, to see that the light which we carried, oftentimes in feebleness and doubt, is now to be radiated by fresh recruits in the opening of this new dispensation.

As in the past, many mediums were called and many fell by the wayside. So will it be among so-called Christian scientists. They are already striving to see who shall be greatest among them; but let them remember that these words are true to-day: "He that would be called the greatest must be willing to be called the least." Let us become as little children, sitting lowly at the feet of Truth and Wisdom, and let each seed of promise be engrafted into our lives, and where in the past we have worked for self and selfish purposes, let us forget all of our earth bound proclivities, and array ourselves altogether on the spiritual side of our natures.

How often it has been said of us, we are weaving now the garments which will clothe our spirits on their exit from this life, and it stands with us as to whether we shall, when casting off the body, find our garments pure and spotless, or dark and unseemly. How necessary it is for us to begin here to live the true life.

Spiritualism teaches us an open communion with the saints and sages of all the past. As we unfold and progress steadily onward and upward, we shall be amazed at the blaze of glory made manifest to us. Then why stand we so long amid the shadows of this material life? Let us reach out and take our fill of divine blessings. They are ours to appropriate and use. Old things have passed away, and all things have become new to those who love the truth and live it. Let health and pleasure radiate, so that all who come in contact with us shall be made clean and whole.

DR. SARA E. HERVEY.
333 W. 34th St., New York City.

Written for The Better Way.

Origin of Life.

In treating disease, the mind is an important element to act upon, this being the motive power of the life forces, and acts on the physical through the sympathetic system.

As positive centers generate electric currents which draw and vivify their correlative elements, the great sympathetic centers draw certain of the vital fluids which are the product of chemical affinities, and these currents are conducted through their particular nerves to every part of the system, providing the mind and body are in a perfectly normal condition. But if the mind is disturbed by severe conflicting emotions, the vital products lessen, causing a congestion of the nerve centers, as these cannot be acted upon through the lower product of chemical affinities alone, as life is a chain of forces, and a disturbance in the train of action between each stage of existence causes a depletion of nerve force, in consequence of which the physical system becomes deranged, especially those parts in direct communication with the great centers.

Medical authority states that there is no valid reason to believe that any of the processes of nutrition and secretion are dependent upon any kind of nervous agency. "That these processes go on with great rapidity and energy in the vegetable kingdom in which nothing approaching to a nervous system exists."

I should not consider this a valid proof, as the organism of man, comprising as it does the intellectual mind together with the animal and vegetable elements, is rather more complicated than the vegetable and of course requires a more complicated mechanism.

Different stages of life within one organism must necessarily be dependant one upon another in order to be held together, else the body must disintegrate, leaving the lower forces to return to their original elements. These, the vegetable kingdom can possibly appropriate without the aid of a finely organized nervous system.

The great law of selection will work harmoniously and independently in each separate stage of existence, providing different degrees of life are not linked together within one organism. But on the contrary, in a complicated being the product of the lower forces must be attracted to the next higher stage of life.

In order to sustain a theory contrary to this it has been affirmed that, "In the earliest conditions of fetal life, the germ

consists but of a congeries of cells which have all originated in a single one, and from the mass the several tissues are gradually generated, one set of cells being converted into muscular tissues, another into mucous membrane, and soon, making it seem evident that all the processes of development must take place in virtue of the inherent properties of the primary tissue itself, since no nervous influence can be supposed to operate before nerves are called into existence."

How can a rational mind attempt to sustain the idea that the inherent properties within the lower forms of matter can build up the intellectual mind. Is the servant ever superior to its master? Can higher forces be made subservient to the lower ones? As there can be no such mechanical structure formed without first an ideal, so there can be no living formation without first a vitalized ideal, and whatever type the finished work reveals must necessarily be the original conception.

As all copulative germs are attrahent only to the source from which the seed is vitalized, every degree of life within the physical body and the intellectual mind must be sustained by its specific germs, and not only must each germ be implanted within its native element, but a vitalized type must be moulded within the mind of the mother.

Thought must ever be stereotyped, in all the vital hieroglyphics pertaining to each special organism, in order to direct the forces in their different series, and sustain the correspondence.

I think we have some proof of this theory in the deformation of an unborn child through a sudden fright of the mother, as the foetus takes something of the form of the object causing the mother's fright. As this sudden transformation of the form could take place only in the first stages of growth the body will often receive a mark becoming the image of the object causing the mother's fright.

Is this phenomenon more strange than that of throwing the picture of an object into the camera? Is the mind inferior to elements of the atmosphere? Through personal sense man is wont to de throne the grandest and most powerful forces of his being, and make them a footstool for the commonest phenomena in nature which come within the range of the natural vision.

The fact that the deformed child bears a partial resemblance to the object causing the mother's fright, should be sustaining proof of a vitalized image; else how could the mind of the mother instantaneously establish this type? There must be a pre-existing type to act upon, as mind can convey no impression to either organized or disorganized matter except it be sustained by mind. The mother electrified through fright, transfixes the image in her mind which is transmitted to the vitalized image of the child, the electric forces acting upon certain elements in a manner that will produce so indelible an impression as to change the whole train of action.

Matter is a servant that obeys each new mandate from the great sanhedrim of vital law engraved upon the walls of the master's house.
MARY S. ROWLEY.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A good many questions come to us on the subject of Vitapathy. That which of tenet occurs is this: "Are medicines used in this practice?" "Who are the distinguished leaders of the vitapathic movement in the United States?" is another question from several correspondents. We prefer to have both answered officially, and therefore leave them to the good offices of those who positively know all about the subject.

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

On the whole, our season's work will exceed any of the past four years. Mrs. Glading, "The Spirit Advocate," is closing her second month, and grows more and more into the hearts of our people. The audiences are increasing, which means an increase of interest. Many new faces appear every Sunday. Last night we had an unusually successful entertainment, under the management of Mrs. G. Notwith standing an impending snow storm, the terror of Washingtonians, there were several hundred present. We are raising a permanent lecture fund for the next season, which will be a great relief to the Board.

Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler, the slate writer, is the only medium here from abroad, and hence he is kept very busy. A new phase has come to him: painting in colors between the slates. His light and materializing circles are very convincing to minds of "ordinary" capacity. The hypercritical will always find some excuse to dissent. Rooms, 413 6th street, N. W.

We have some matters in embryo, which we hope will be a surprise to many of our friends.

We have had no response to our appeals for aid to build a hall here which will be a credit to our cause. We need also an institution for higher education and professional studies of political and mental science, not found in any of the present schools.

The Catholics have already a large institution here, and are about to build a university on a grand scale. Washington is destined to become a great center of learning; hence we should be on the alert.

Fraternally, J. B. W.

An up-town Presbyterian Sunday School teacher, says the Washington Critic, has a way of expressing approximation by using the adverb principally as "principally this," or "principally that," and she has an imitative scholar, the son of a Congressman.—Last Sunday she had the boy in the corner. "Do you always tell the truth, Tommy?" she asked. "Always, Miss," he responded promptly. "Always Tommy?" she inquired, doubtfully. "Well, principally always," he replied, and she let him go.

Reported Expressly for the BETTER WAY.

A Seance With Mrs. L. S. Cadwell.

Held at the residence of Col. Case, 1601 N. Fifteenth street, on Monday evening Jan. 21, 1888.

Mrs. Cadwell is well-known in New York and elsewhere as a reliable medium for materialization, and through whose powers many have been led to accept this phase of mediumship as an invincible fact, utterly void of deception.

Some weeks previous to her engagement in Philadelphia, she suffered a paralytic stroke, which, I am sorry to say, deprived her of the use of her vocal organs, but they are now on fair way of recovery. The evening on which the seance was held, was very threatening, a slight flurry of snow falling during the early part of the seance.

Nineteen persons were present, who were arranged in a huge semi circle around the spacious room. Perfect harmony prevailed throughout the entire seance, nearly all present having a knowledge of the peculiar conditions essential for materialization. The cabinet was occupied by the medium but a few moments, when Lizzie Hatch, one of the cabinet intelligences, parted the curtains and greeted the company. Nelse Seymour, another of the cabinet spirits, was in an exceptionally good humor, and at every opportunity was cracking jokes.

The first to leave the cabinet was "Angel Mother," who greeted the company in affably and asked it there were any questions of a Spiritual nature which any of the company wished answered.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Cadwell could not talk above a whisper, while "Angel Mother" answered several questions in an exceptionally strong voice, which could not be that of the medium.

This spirit has a loving, tender manner in answering questions, placing one at ease immediately.

When "Angel Mother" departed Nelse Seymour sang out. "Please engage in conversation, as it helps to throw off the negative condition, and to attract attention to the cabinet, instead of concentrating upon it."

The company then engaged in singing, until a spirit, radiantly robed, parted the curtain and stepped, unaided, from the cabinet. Peering around for one whom she evidently did not discern, she was preparing to retreat when Col. Case stood up and asked kindly for whom she was searching, also her name. It proved to be a daughter of Col. Case. Receiving assistance from that gentleman, she made a detour of the room inside the semi-circle; then retreating to the cabinet, she clasped the curtains with each hands and slowly dematerialized.

Several spirits came forth in quick succession and were all recognized. Nearly all of them made a detour of the circle, shaking hands familiarly with those with whom they were acquainted.

A verse of "Nearer my God to Thee" was sung, when a spirit peeped timidly through the curtains. Becoming more at ease, she stepped forth, and behold! the form was clothed in garments which for brilliancy, surpassed the glaring electric arc; the gas was turned low, this adding greatly to the peculiar illuminated robes which enveloped the beautiful form. This spirit came to Mr. Lees, and wore a fine painted star, the emblem of "The order of Light" which order was organized for uplifting and elevation of humanity, and of which she was a member. Several forms, previous to this, had been noticed wearing this emblem.

Little Hallie, a few minutes later, announced that "Charley Foster was in the cabinet." The writer, with several others, visited the cabinet, shook hands and conversed with the spirit. Charles Foster was a celebrated medium while in the mortal form, but was bitterly opposed to materialization. He acknowledges now he has to materialize.

A form, a few moments later, emerged from the cabinet, and, linking arms with Col. Case, walked to the center of the circle and called for Dr.—Taking one of the deers finger she inserted it into the sockets of her eyes. The doctors verdict was: "I find no eye balls whatever;—merely the sockets, which cannot be those of the medium." This spirit remained out side quite a little while, then disappeared.

Nelse Seymour stood before the curtains, and asked if any one in the room belonged to the order of Masons. Three or four went up and each received the grip, which I believe is an "open sesame" with every Mason, who knows when he obtains the grip whether the person is a member of the order or not. I neglected to mention the weaving of beautiful lace upon a lady's dress. The spirit held nothing in her hand while engaged in this operation, but produced the lace by means of a twitching of the fingers. After this was accomplished, it was shown to every person in the room. It was of very fine texture and praised by all. The seance closed with a song in which Nelse Seymour joined.

It was a most delightful gathering. Every one was more than satisfied, and pronounced Mrs. Cadwell one of the finest materializing mediums they ever had the pleasure of being acquainted with.

Mrs. Cadwell's residence is at 348 W. 56th street New York.

Fraternally, ELLIOTT RAWSON.

PHILA., PENN. Jan. 22, 1888.

"You needn't order me around, Sir," said the washerwoman. "I'm not the hired girl. It's Bridget's place to look after the milk.—I'm the laundry lady." "That doesn't scare me," said the man. "I'm the milk gentleman, and I'm the P. W. G. R. K. of the U. O. G. G., and the Most Eminent Past C. W. of the Ancient Order of M. X. Q. Z., and I want somebody to take this milk." "Yes, Sir," said the washerwoman meekly as she went to find a pitcher.—[Chicago Tribune.

WHOLE WORLD

SOUL COMMUNION

February 27th, 1888.

ALL MANKIND

WITHOUT REGARD TO RACE OR CREEDS.

ARE CALLED TO UNITE FOR

30 MINUTES IN SOUL COMMUNION.

TIME: 12 M. SALEM, OREGON.

THE WORLD'S SOUL COMMUNION TIME-TABLE.

The 27th day of each month, and from 12 m. to half-past 12 p. m., being the time fixed and inspirationally communicated through THE WORLD'S ADVANCE-THOUGHT for Soul Communion of humanitarians throughout the world, regardless of race and religious faith—the object being to invoke through co-operation in thought and unity in spiritual aspiration the blessings of universal peace and higher spiritual light—we give below a table of corresponding times for entering the Communion in various localities:

When it is 12 m. at Salem, Oregon, it is at—

Austin, Texas.....	1:43 p. m.
Boston, Mass.....	1:38 p. m.
Burlington, Vt.....	3:18 p. m.
Buenos Ayres, S. A.....	4:18 p. m.
Buffalo, N. Y.....	2:55 p. m.
Columbia, S. C.....	3:18 p. m.
Cape Horn, S. A.....	3:43 p. m.
Cape of Good Hope, Africa.....	9:26 p. m.
Chicago.....	2:20 p. m.
Detroit, Mich.....	2:38 p. m.
Frankfort, Germany.....	8:43 p. m.
Frankfort, Ky.....	2:33 p. m.
Frederick, New Brunswick.....	3:43 p. m.
Hallifax, N. S.....	3:18 p. m.
Harrisburg, Pa.....	2:55 p. m.
Iowa City, Ia.....	2:03 p. m.
London, Eng.....	8:11 p. m.
Madras, India.....	3:40 p. m.
Little Rock, Ark.....	1:48 p. m.
Mobile, Ala.....	2:18 p. m.
Memphis, Tenn.....	2:11 p. m.
New York City.....	2:26 p. m.
Norfolk, Va.....	3:05 p. m.
Omaha, Neb.....	1:38 p. m.
Philadelphia, Penn.....	3:11 p. m.
Pittsburg, Penn.....	3:29 p. m.
Rome, Italy.....	2:51 p. m.
Savannah, Ga.....	2:48 p. m.
Santa Fe, N. M.....	1:07 p. m.
St. Domingo, W. I.....	3:53 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.....	3:40 p. m.
Santiago, Chile.....	1:58 p. m.
Sioux Falls, Dakota.....	1:48 p. m.
San Francisco, Cal.....	12:01 p. m.
Vera Cruz, Mex.....	9:21 p. m.
Wallula, Wash, Ter.....	11:18 p. m.
Augusta, Maine.....	3:33 p. m.
Baltimore, Md.....	3:05 p. m.
Berlin, Prussia.....	8:41 p. m.
Constantinople, Turkey.....	10:11 p. m.
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	2:26 p. m.
Columbus, Ohio.....	2:38 p. m.
Dayton, Ohio.....	3:40 p. m.
Charlottown, Prince Edward's Island.....	3:58 p. m.
Dublin, Ireland.....	7:46 p. m.
Edinburgh, Scotland.....	8:01 p. m.
Evansville, Ind.....	3:09 p. m.
Fort, Delaware.....	9:48 p. m.
Georgetown, British Guay.....	4:18 p. m.
Havana, Cuba.....	2:51 p. m.
Honolulu, S. I.....	9:51 p. m.
Indianapolis, Ind.....	10:51 p. m.
Lisbon, Portugal.....	3:58 p. m.
Lima, Peru.....	3:01 p. m.
Milwaukee.....	2:18 p. m.
Indianapolis, Ind.....	2:28 p. m.
New Haven, Conn.....	3:18 p. m.
Newport, R. I.....	3:26 p. m.
New Orleans, La.....	2:1 p. m.
Ottawa, Canada.....	3:08 p. m.
Palmyra, New Granada.....	1:58 p. m.
Paris, France.....	10:11 p. m.
St. Petersburg, Russia.....	10:11 p. m.
St. Louis, Mo.....	2:11 p. m.
St. John, New Foundland.....	8:38 p. m.
Stratford, Conn.....	1:58 p. m.
Smithtown, Jamaica.....	3:58 p. m.
Springfield, Mass.....	3:21 p. m.
Salt Lake City, Utah.....	12:43 p. m.
Vicksburg, Miss.....	2:53 p. m.
Wilmington, N. C.....	2:09 p. m.
Washington, D. C.....	3:01 p. m.

IT IS ARRANGED FOR THIS THOUGHT CONFERENCE TO BE SIMULTANEOUS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, AND CONNECTIONS THEREFOR HAVE BEEN MADE BY ADVANCE

THOUGHT IN LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, VIENNA, ST. PETERSBURG, YOKOHAMA, MADRAS, PEKIN, RIO JANEIRO, ROME, CITY OF MEXICO, BUENOS AYERS, HONOLULU, AND MANY OTHER CITIES.

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Miss Jennie B. Hagan

Respectfully announces that she will speak in Cincinnati on the Sundays in March, '88, and that her services as speaker and improvisatrice may be engaged at near-by towns, for other days and evenings in March. Her address is SOUTH FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

NOW READY,

FRESH FROM THE PRESS.

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

—AND—

Other Tales & Sketches

BY A BAND OF SPIRIT INTELLIGENCES,

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MISS M. T. SHELHAMER.

And Love shall wipe all tears from their eyes; and the faces of the sad shall grow radiant in the light of Eternal Dawn; the weary-heavily laden shall find rest; and the heavily-laden shall drop their burdens; for the Land of the Blest overflows with boundless mercies for all who enter therein.

This new volume consists of two parts: the first containing a series of articles by Spirit "Benefice," entitled "Thoughts from a Spirit's Standpoint," on subjects of deep importance, which all thinking minds would do well to read a second time. Also, the personal history of a spirit, entitled "Outside the Gates," in which the narrator graphically depicts her progress in spirit-life from a state of unhappiness outside the heavenly gates to one of peace in the "Sunrise Land."—This volume is a pure and simple relation of the life pursued by a gentle soul in her home beyond the vale.

Part second of this interesting book opens with "Morna's Story," in five installments—an autobiographical narrative. This remarkable history has never before appeared in print. It treats of life, states of government, schools, art, language, training, locomotion, food and nutrition, in worlds beyond. "Morna's Story" also tells of transitions from world to world, of sacred councils in the spiritual kingdom, and of the high development of mediumship in such a state, giving much information on important subjects to those who read. We also have here those interesting stories of several chapters each, "Here and Beyond" and "Slippery Places," which "Morna" has given to the world through the columns of the *Banner of Light*; and the book concludes with a new story of sixteen chapters, which that interesting spirit presents to the public for the first time, entitled "The Blind Clairvoyant, or, A Tale of Two Worlds." Those who are ready to receive the emanating from the mind of "Morna" through the pen of Miss Shelhamer, need not be told of what a treat they have in store in the perusal of this production.

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SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Through the mediumship of HELEN MARR CAMPBELL, Washington, D. C., by the Controlling Spirit, King Henry VIII.

I am Addie Pearson. My home is in Knoxville, Tenn. I passed on at the age of 23, and left a husband and baby. My husband is Clay Pearson. He is a smith and has quite a large smithy. He is many years older than I, and a well known citizen of Knoxville. I come to assure him of my entire forgiveness, and blotting out of our past experience. Very earnestly, ADDIE PEARSON.

I am Mary Summerville, and I, James Summerville. We are an happy pair and come together. We passed on within a year of each other, and we come with love and greeting and blessing to our daughter Anna, at present living in Rock Point, N. C. This is a small country station, well known, however, in the State. We are happy to see Anna so prosperous and we will endeavor to smooth every cloud from her path. MARY and JAMES SUMMERVILLE.

I am Jane Levering, a native of Baltimore City. I desire my loved ones left, to know that I have found happiness, though not exactly as I thought to find it. Every thing is natural here, and the worship of God is increasing labor for his children. I am well known in Baltimore, and my scrupulous neatness, if I mention it, will identify me to my loved ones. I have met Doctor Leeds, and I should like Carrie to know it. He is bright and joyous and full of earnest purpose for the good of mankind. Very respectfully, JANE LEVERING.

I am Napoleon Bonaparte Hodges, better known by the nickname, "Bony." My mother is Sarah Hodges, and my sisters, Annie Chester and Kate Edwards, are brilliant lights in the theatrical profession. I found existence over here rather dull, because I have a great desire for gambling, which I cannot gratify. My most ardent wish just now, is for a medium through whom I can have a game of billiards; but alas! I'm in the custody of a bright spirit, and she preaches morality forever, and continually pulls me into good conditions. I want to come back to earth. I tell her to let me alone, and she says that my first call for something better, which brought her to me, will be the means of leading me out of this. Well, may be it will. I'd curse, if I dared, but this high-mightiness, who is listening to my talk, won't let me; bad luck to him.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE HODGES.
Dear friends, this is literally what he said to me, and it is a living example of a fallen spirit. HENRY TUDOR VIII.

I am Rosalie Quinn. I went away long ago, and I do so want to reach Uncle Frank Quinn, who is at present in business in New York City, near the old Bowery. Darling mamma, Louisa is so glad to send a greeting through me and darling grandpas Gray wishes dear Uncle Frank, God speed. Uncle Frank, do give love to Aunt Bertie, and tell her that we are a happy family over here; and that baby Tommy is having good care. I have developed into womanhood, and it will be now my pleasure to look after baby. ROSALIE QUINN.

I am Alexis Stanislav. I passed away a raving maniac, made so through the cruelty and tyranny of a Russian prince. What I suffered, no tongue can tell. My brother is at present residing under the protection of America. He is well known by one of the friends of this, your BETTER WAY, and it is through this means I wish to warn him. His friend is in danger, and those who would seek him in council, only desire information as spies. Our sisters, especially Fedora, in St. Petersburg, are well and comparatively happy. That is to say, as happy as Polish bondswomen can be. Friend of my brother, I entreat you, forward this message. ALEXIS STANISLAV.

I'm Phillip Melling, a native of Hengland. Hi! I've a relative, his shopkeeper in Washington, D. C. 'is son 'as something with coach stables, hand 'is wife 'is one that, hif 'i could get 'old 'ho, hif 'i would speak with, her speak 'ho 'ho 'er. Hi want Roger to keep 'old 'ho the coach for 'is time. Hif 'i sorry she's lair bud, but she'll soon get 'out. Melling can make the shop go, hand 'e must be good to 'er. PHILLIP MELLING.

I'm Kenneth Campbell, an do ye mind, I come to mi medium two time ilka night, and moony time ilka year, tha' she may ken ever wa to go on wi the house an' miler. She's a Campbell an a Wood, the Wood by the right o' her husband or man. She's a buxom dame, an mickle gude talk gie we thro' her. Gie her your han, lads an lassies, an gie her tryt in the gloaming, an the sound will come, and the lou come down, out o' the chist from the man in heaven, to the man in 'eart. Now mind ye, I'm KENNETH CAMPBELL.

I am Robert Fulton. I have great interest in the construction of the railroad through the state of Florida, and through Easton, Maryland. I come to advise the people to press forward, and to rest assured that the extension of steam travel through each place will be profitable. ROBERT FULTON.

Remarkable Tests of Spirit Identity through the Planchette Medium.
Some time since I contributed to your columns an account of a new medium; I have since been testing the reliability of certain communications written through planchette in presence of the lady in question, and have found them uniformly to be of a very satisfactory character.

The following, as given through the mediumship of this lady, seems to preclude the possibility of its emanation from any other intelligent source than the spirit whose personality and wishes it claims to express: I forbear to mention names in this connection, for obvious reasons. One of the three composing the circle in question visited me, an entire stranger, and said that a spirit relative of mine wanted him to call upon me, and what—as detailed by the visitor—the spirit had written out concerning myself and themselves, proved to be true: in conversing with me he related a singular case, of the truthfulness of which—as related from spirit life—he was anxious to have some material evidence. My visitor simply gave the name of the spirit and his claimed residence—which was in city about fifty-five miles from the town where the medium resides. I, being acquainted with a prominent, responsible business man residing there, wrote at once to him, asking if he knew a man by such a name, and if so, how long he had been in spirit life, and what caused his exit. His answer came back in due course of mail, acknowledging that such a person had lived in that place, that he was a blind man, who kept a cigar store, and that he died suddenly some two years ago under what were considered at the time suspicious circumstances.

On the strength of the above answer I wrote to my first informant, asking him to send me a copy of the communication alluded to, as I had been told that a man answering the description and having the same name had resided in the place cited, and there could be no harm in giving his message. The letter was answered in person, with a copy of what the spirit said.

The gentleman narrated that there was a small piece of codfish on the floor at the time the three were to have a seance, and the medium's husband remarked: "I will put this fish on the table; perhaps it will attract a Cape Codder." Then they sat down in total darkness, and the planchette wrote the following:

"Well, now you have hit it; you have attracted a Cape Codder. I would like to say that I am a stranger to you all here. When in the earth life I was deprived of my eye sight, and had to give up my ship, and after that I used to fiddle for people to dance by. I did that for a number of years, then I moved to — and carried on a little business of my own with the help of kind friends.

"I left this life very suddenly, and under what friends considered suspicious circumstances."

The spirit then wrote what he considered the cause of his demise, etc., etc., and continued:

"I was very fond of the violin and dearly loved music, and now have all I want. I will not say more, only that I have been gone nearly two years, and that my name was —"

On receipt of the above I immediately wrote to the man living in the city where the spirit had resided, and informed him that I had the message, asking him if there had been any legal investigation as to the cause of the man's death.

Shortly afterward this gentleman called upon me, and I read to him the message from the purported spirit; he then and there declared it to be true in all particulars.

I have done my best to discover whether there was a possible chance for the obtaining from any other source of the information that came through planchette in this instance, than the one claimed for it, i. e., a spirit who wished to make his presence and his identity known to mortals; but the evidence is all in favor of this latter position.

There was no money at stake in this seance; the communication came voluntarily, and the parties who were in the circle declare they never knew that any such individual ever existed; hence it cannot be accounted for by mind-reading, and I see no earthly reason why it should not be credited to the source it claims to come from.

Subsequently it was my good fortune to be in the town where this new medium resides, and in company with three others I visited her to obtain a sitting; as there was present one of the three individuals who generally compose the circle for her seances (the rest being temporarily engaged), the medium consented to hold the sitting with her aunt, who was visiting her, that we might see how the communications were obtained. We sat down at a small table; rolls of paper were placed over the table; the planchette was put upon the paper, and the lady then placed her hand on the planchette. Soon her hand, together with the instrument, moved as rapidly as they could be moved; the aunt gradually drew the paper along as fast as it was written upon; this was done with the room as dark as it could be made. None of our party had ever seen the medium before to speak to her.

When the planchette ceased to move it was found that the spirits of the father and mother of two of our party had written their names and relationship, and also some words of advice and consolation to them, which were decidedly appropriate to the parties receiving the same—they not being much interested in the subject. The manner in which the communications were given was, however, an eye-opener to them, as there was no possible chance for deception or duplicity on the part of the lady, or any one present.

The next communication was directed to me; it alluded to my work for the cause of Spiritualism, and wrote out the first name of my father, also my mother, in this wise: "Your father," giving the name, "your mother," giving the name—associating their names with the relationship, which made it very satisfactory, as my father and mother passed on to the higher life many years ago, and there was not the slightest probability that the medium could have known of it, and the names, except by and through the aid of some spirit intelligence.

The medium's husband gave me an account of a communication that came by and through the lady's mediumship—

ther in writing or speaking, I do not remember which, as the lady has other spiritual gifts than planchette writing. The purpose of the communication given to me was as follows:

"A young man who comes here, who says his name is Harry Dacus, and that he was drowned in Crescent Lake, Crescent City, Florida. He was about twenty-three years of age, and had been gone between two and three years; and a mother residing in Boston, by name of Adele Dacus.

The gentleman had examined the Boston Directory and found a name that answered to that of the mother, and was anxious that I should look it up. I subsequently called at the number and street indicated, and found the lady had removed; I then called at her new residence, and learned from her that every word was true concerning her son and his exit to spirit life, and that she was willing the facts should be made public. I can see no way by which this communication could have been obtained except from the source represented, as the medium is not versed in Spiritualism, and even if the facts had been in the public prints years previous, it is not probable that they were retained in the memory for over two years.

I am satisfied that this lady—if proper and harmonious conditions can be maintained—will make a valuable instrument in the hands of the spirits to convince the most skeptical minds of the truthfulness of spirit return. A. S. HAYWARD, BOSTON, MASS.—(Banner of Light).

The Brodered Bodice.

1690 (Old French).
Dear-my-love, I must ride away.
Fare ye well for a summer's day;
Loth am I to leave your side,
Yet your lover to Nantes must ride,
For the King commands and I obey.

"Now, in sooth, if to Nantes ye fare,
Thence, I pray you, a bodice bear,
Brodered with the breast and sleeves,
Of roses white with silvery leaves,
Silvery roses white and fair."

Now to Nantes hath her gallant gone,
But never the bodice thought upon.
Filled his thoughts with the wine and play,
Making merry the living day—
All the day till the torches shone.

"But what shall I say to my lady,
Who a brodered bodice prayed for me?"
"Speak her soft and speak her smooth:
Say 'Thou Nante I watched in faith,
And none such bodices there might be.'"

"Better a sea where no fish are,
Better a night without a star,
Hills with never a valley,
Spring with never a violet,
Sweeter were all these things to me
Than a lying speech to my ladye."

—(GRANVILLE TOWNSON)

"Fair Play in Politics."

Facts vs. Theory.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

The better way on all subjects is to be sure you are right and then go ahead. You never made a greater mistake than your defense of public men. No man is more in favor of fair play to all men and all subjects than the undersigned. A moment's reflection upon the facts will convince any thinking man that the presumption is against your assumption of honesty of conviction, conduct and capacity. Another mistake, and one which permeates our whole social fabric, is: "The laudability of office seeking and holding." The ambition and effort to get and hold office is, to my mind, proof of unfitness, either in the intellectual or moral, or both. The office should seek the man, and not the man the office.

Under our present system parties are compelled to nominate men who have personal popularity, local influence or money to pay election expenses. This leaves no room for the survival of the fittest or the selection of the best. Hence, as a rule, we do not get the best. Then the men who spend money to be elected, expect to make it up, and more, out of their pay or perquisites.

Personal and party aggrandizement are the chief stimulants to the "laudable ambition." Patriotism never enters as an element. Patriotic office hunters are like angel visits in the past—few and far between. Such a thing may be, but it is not among the probabilities. He would do for profitable exhibition.

Personal and party aggrandizement are the objective points of all legislation and administration. Even the higher courts are prostituted to base partisan ends. From the beginning to the end it is "how not to do it." The office holders are *de facto* the Government, which they soon come to think they own, and therefore have a right to run, in their interest and that of their friends.

To-day the Government owes to citizens \$100 to \$200,000,000 in money, the payment of which has been and is still resisted by every possible device. Public men who know this and take no steps to do the justice or oppose the payment, while they are spending hundreds of millions illegitimately, must necessarily be incompetent or dishonest. The dishonest methods of the accounting departments make the clerks dishonest; they are compelled to steal in the interest of so-called economy.

The Congress—especially the House—is a disgrace to common decency. Two-thirds of the time is spent on matters foreign to their functions, while their legitimate work is undone. I wish you had space to publish the accompanying indictments, which can be proven by hundreds of witnesses.

I want to say here and now, that the people are supremely ignorant of public affairs; that nothing is more needed than to let in an intense electrical light upon the incompetency and dishonesty of so-called statesmen and officials generally. It seems to me that if the people knew half of the facts, as they exist at seats of government, that they would arise in righteous indignation and raze them to the ground.

A department of "Political Science" would be a valuable addition to our papers. The people need education on principles and measures. The affairs of state have passed beyond the capacity of our professional public men, and there is a serious doubt whether there is in private life capacity to meet the exigencies of the hour.

JOHN B. WOLFE.

Washington, D. C.
"The Indictment" is a strong paper and worthy of publication. We hope to give the principal points in a future impression of this journal.—Ed. THE BETTER WAY.

England is, as yet, too ignorant and priest-ridden to be ready for the establishment of a republic. By way of advantage, the Americans have no State and church to support, with its hierarchy of pampered prelates, etc., that drains the proceeds of labor to the extent of more than ten millions per annum, besides receiving enormous amounts they gather and collect from fees of all descriptions and voluntary offerings from all sides. There, the Americans have plenty of churches and clergymen; but these are solely erected and maintained from purely voluntary sources; so that, in effect, the ten millions yearly taken from the pockets of the English people is a tax to which the Americans are not subjected to—[London Secular Review.]

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Spiritual

Address

Delivered through the mediumship of Mrs. L. P. Anderson, at Chicago, Illinois, on Sunday morning, January 8, 1888, to the spirits present.

BY SPIRIT HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Almighty God, we look to Thee for everlasting light, that which never goes out, and which is ever bright and glorious. We look to Thee for every expression of love for the highest degree of goodness. Thy children, although wayward, know that Thou art the light beyond; therefore, Oh God, we come to Thee; and those of us who have been down deep in misery, deep in sin, come to Thee with a greater feeling, perhaps weighing our spirit down, feeling not quite sure that our sins might be forgiven; and yet we know that Thou art the great light of all life. So we come to ask Thee to help us, to guide us on, to bless us while going through every phase of life, and ask Thee for Thy tender mercies. So, Oh God, we come to Thee this day, asking Thee to give Thy children who are left on earth, all the knowledge and power that it is possible to give, all that they can drink in, that they can realize, that is for them and for others; and those who are in total darkness to-day through some great power, that they perhaps had nothing to do with but others have brought to them, the greatest distress of all life; we would ask Thee to remove that darkness, to let that soul see the light, to give them a ray of hope, to have them feel that through this terrible experience some great good will dawn upon them or the world. Some are born for martyrs here, some are born to make others martyrs, and so it goes on throughout life, throughout all time; and great tyranny is abroad throughout the land; but the people are becoming brighter, more light dawns upon them, and the more light the less martyrdom we have. So may they feel, as time goes on, that the Great Inevitable is the source from which all blessings come, and that is something they cannot sway, they cannot influence, but must all be influenced by the Great Eternal, by the Great Inevitable. And so, Oh God, we look to Thee, and ask Thee for Thy tenderness, for Thy love, and as gratitude is poured out from beings here, may it go where it belongs; may each one feel refreshed by coming in contact with others, that will be a blessing to them, and so may it go on through all time that the Great Inevitable will make the children of earth or in heaven feel and know their places, and all things be adjusted in time. We pray Thee, Oh God, that Thou wilt give Thy children light and peace; give them that divine wisdom, that love, give them knowledge that they may understand more about having wisdom, to show them greatness. So, Oh God, bless all to-day, make all as peaceful and harmonious as it is good for Thy children—is the prayer of one who loves and blesses the Great Power, the Great Inevitable.

As our dear sister, Mrs. Driesslein, has spoken to you all this morning, in her genial, loving, elegant way, I come to-day, hoping that I too may impress you, yet I always feel when I have her to lead off and give to you the healing balm that I can hardly talk to you in words that might fall upon your ears in a glad way; yet it is to me a blessing to mingle with you all. It is a blessing to me to know that I have done a little good whereby you have all blessed me with this temple of light; and it pleases me to see it always filled with so many eager spirits, to find out the way to God, the Inevitable, and it pleases me still more that I have been chosen as one of the instruments, whereby I could be inspired to give to the world that little knowledge which was given to me in such a manner, that it has been received with such a feeling of love, and been adjusted in a manner that is pleasing to all above. So I have much to be thankful for. I am grateful for all things, ever shall be. God is good. The Great Adjusting Power rules for all time. And now I want to say this to you, that as you come from far and near to our church that is called of wisdom and light, to hear what we have to say, know this, that whatever we feel, must be said, and as time goes on we shall ever say what we feel must be said, and as time goes on we shall ever say what we feel and what we know to be a fact as it comes to us. We may say things to-day that in the future we would not believe or say at all, for the very reason that we are giving as fast as we have the light and knowledge; and, perhaps, what we see as the truth to-day, in five years from to-day would not be the truth, because we would pass on over so much territory that we shall see it in a different light. So it is all right, as we give it, but in five years from to-day it might not be right at all, for the very reason that this is a world of progression and it does not go backward, but always forward, and every soul that lives on earth must go forward. We cannot go back! Right along, forward, forward march, although there are spirits that do not understand yet this great law, they are trying to. They want to bless everybody they come in contact with; so do I. But we have to do according to what is for us to do; we give light according to the light we have to give. It is impossible for one to give what they have not got. And that is the way the world goes on. Great joy comes into the heart of man, and great peace and prosperity. So it goes on from time to time, in a wonderful way. I know that we give all that we have to give, at the time being, in the way we see to give it. Perhaps it may not be in as pleasing a manner as we would wish, but we all do the best we can. And now, looking upon you as I do, and this

great wonderful world, it sometimes astonishes me that we have not had more or done more good, but we have done the best we could.

So, brothers and sisters, hold yourselves in readiness to receive that which is forever flowing into you. Do not shut your doors and windows to all the beauties that come, and make it black around you, but keep yourselves posted. If you build up an aura around you that cannot be penetrated, that is so dark and gloomy, then you lose that which is the most beautiful for your soul's good. So, even though you feel sad for your loved ones' sake, and for the sake of your own soul-right, try to throw it from you; try and receive the blessings that come; try to be guided by that love and tenderness, and in a little while there will be great blessings come to you. So, my friends, here in the spirit-life, those of you who have heard me preach in my parish in Brooklyn, and heard me in different parts of the country, and those of you who are listening to me now know that I always preached from my standpoint of right and truth, although what I may have said twenty years ago to you is not a truth to-day at all, but it was as we understood the truth. You and I to-day do not understand it in that light, in that way. We are further on the road and we see it differently, therefore we give it different meaning, and we are blessing every body as fast as we are able and can reach the others. Oh, how beautiful that is to feel that there is a God of light; that there is an inevitable that shapes our ends. Oh, how beautiful! How we should feel glorified! How we bless the Great powers that there is a condition, that there is a power, that rough hewed, as it may have been, shapes our end! And when we consider that it is shaped, we consider it is getting into a more perfect state of blessedness and joy beyond all things. That is what we have to look forward to from day to day, from year to year, and feel that it is the greatest of all things. All, every day, get something new, because whatever that is we feel that it is nearing on to progression; getting nearer and nearer, although it may be ever so crude in fifty years from to-day, yet it is a power of everlasting light and love and greatness, the great inevitable. So, dear angels, you, who are standing here, be faithful to whatever you get; feel thankful, although it may be a little, but be thankful for that little, knowing that when these little are summed up they make a great many figures and amount to a great deal. So how blessed that is for us all, and when we get it all summed up, oh what a string of figures! Who can enumerate them? Who can tell how much it has amounted to? Who shall be the one that can sum them all up, except the one Great Power, the one Great Source, the Great Superior Being. He, or the power, whatever it is, must do the figuring, we cannot! We are the little sums; we are the figures! He will guide us ever on and upward, and bless us in such a manner that we will come into this everlasting light, that our souls may be glorified; that we may come out in all the fullness and greatness of our being; that we may know and better understand what we have existed for; why we came into life! That is a great thought! Why did we come into life? What is it? What will it all amount to? We are here and a part of creation, and as we are a part of the Creator and creation, then how could we be lost? We could not be put out because we belong to it; we belong to the great whole; we exist, and there is no such thing as putting us out—crushing us! That cannot be; it is impossible! Our bodies when in this life can be crushed, can be destroyed, but still we exist, and shall ever exist, onward and onward, through all time and eternity. The great inevitable is the Great Father, the great chariot for us all, the great sunlight of the great eternity.

Couldn't Reform Him.

With a Southern family in New York there has been staying for some time a young lady from the interior of the State. She is of a philanthropic turn of mind, but her benevolent instincts have recently received a sad check. Fully convinced that "where there's a will there's a way," she undertook to reform an old colored servant of the family, who loved whisky "not wisely, but too well."

George Washington Jefferson was from "de Souf," and in consideration of years of faithful service the family took no notice of his failing. But the young lady tried persuasion, cajolment, scolding, tracts, presents and everything else that a good heart and earnest purpose could suggest to induce him to abandon his intemperate habits. At last, in a fit of pardonable impatience, she said to him one day:

"I declare, George, I'd give you \$1,000 if you'd give up drinking."

"Lor, young miss," replied the old incorrigible, "d'ye know what I'd do wid dat \$1,000 if I had it? I'd jes' buy me a lounge, a bar'l' o' whisky, a pump, an' I'd hire a nigger, an' I'd jes' lay my old black self down on dat lounge, an' jes' make dat nigger pump dat whisky down my froat. Lor, miss, dat ud be jes' like de yer o' Juliee. Don't you tem' me in dat way no mo."

The young lady has given up all efforts to reform George Washington Jefferson, and nobody remonstrates with him now when he gets drunk.—[New York Tribune.]

(Selected for THE BETTER WAY. Who can give us the Author's name?)

Coming Back.

They say if our beloved dead
Should seek the old familiar place,
Some stranger would be there instead,
And they would find no welcome face.

I cannot tell how it might be
In other homes; but this I know:
Could my lost darlings come to me,
That they would never find it so.

Of times the flowers have come and gone,
Of times the winter winds have blown,
The while their peaceful rest went on,
And I have learned to live alone;

Have slowly learned from day to day,
In all life's tasks to bear my part;
But whether grave, or whether gay,
I hide their memory in my heart.

Fond, faithful love has blessed my way,
And friends are round me true and tried,
They have their place, but theirs to-day
Are empty as the day they died.

How would I spring with bated breath,
And joy, too deep for word or sign,
To take my darlings home from death,
And once again to call them mine.

I dare not dream the blissful dream,
It fills my heart with wild unrest;
Where yonder cold, white marble gleams,
They still must slumber, God knows best.

But this I know, that those who say
Our best beloved would find no place,
Have never hungered, every day,
Through years and years, for one dear face.

"Evil Control."

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Having read your comments in regard to the spirits controlling mediums for evil purposes, and wishing information, I will, by the request of some in our society, endeavor to say a few words on the above subject, hoping that others who have had experience will give their candid views to the public, that we may profit by their superior knowledge.

If a large amount of the fraud committed in the seance room to-day, is done by mischievous spirits, then may I ask, is not Spiritualism more dangerous to humanity than a belief in Satan himself? In our youth we were taught to believe in his satanic majesty, and, being forewarned, we warded off his evil machinations, with prayers for divine aid. But having the old faith destroyed, where shall we look for help against this greater evil; for, instead of the devil, we have millions to contend against. If all who die with the evil of their lives clinging to them—and we know their number is legion—have the power to come back and live again through others their vicious lives, are we safe for one moment? had we not far better stay in the church with the fabled gods and myths of old, rather than be a believer in spirit return? for Christ gave us repentance at the eleventh hour, although we well know how marvelously some escape the "depart ye accursed," yet there is a chance. But to be under the influence of a multitude of evil beings, who are trying to deceive and mislead, and believing they are departed friends, are they not liable to mislead all who become convinced of spirit return?

How "hardly" would a great number get through purgatory in a thousand years. For that people are misled by a credulous belief in Spiritualism we all know. The depth of degradation to which it may mislead would cause future suffering equal to the orthodox hell. But I do not believe this, and do not think that others will, if they stop to consider the consequences. No, when these mischievous spirits come out of the cabinet I shall continue to believe they are the mediums every time, and their object worldly gain, until I am convinced to the contrary. I want the matter made plain. I know it is a great stumbling block to investigators. What I do believe now—or what I am trying to believe is this—that our friends only come back to us for wise purposes. When we find ourselves in a condition of mind that cannot look beyond the graves of our loved ones, how quickly a truthful test from the other side will set us right, as in my own case. My life, perhaps, was saved that I might learn of this great truth—not a mere guess work, or a hope, but a demonstrable fact. I believe also in the power of healing, to a certain extent; and who can listen to the inspiration that falls from the lips of some of our best speakers, and doubt that the angel world is trying to give us light. How easy to believe that it comes from wise and exalted spirits that have passed entirely into the clouds of the first transition into the glory of the higher life. I believe that wicked and depraved spirits, after death, find themselves in great darkness, shut in as with a wall, that whichever way they may turn, prevents their advancement until help comes from the higher power, and then I think they are helped up and out of this darkness, and not allowed to come back here to live their evil lives over again.

Each of us have enough of the evil in our own nature to contend against, without being obliged to fight the evil natures of others. Spiritualists ought to come to the standpoint of belief; but I find such a diversity of thought. I am led to ask, will order ever come out of this chaos? Can we ever become of one mind, so that an organization can be effected? I should like to have this question agitated. Thousands are standing back waiting for Spiritualism to define itself in all its parts, and prove itself equal to the highest law of truth and morality. Fraternally, A.

Dogma.

The whole Christian world has become incrustated with dogma and formalism. Great importance is attached to beliefs and creeds, and the essentials of Christianity, including its vital centre, are almost forgotten. The church is overlaid with superstition and nonsensical beliefs and sacred falsehoods. What is the cure for all this? The law with checks and balances has its office here, and it had begun its operations through the scepticism of the scientists.—[Dr. Holland.]

A Handsome Suggestion.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Reading in your paper the soul stirring and characteristic address by the spirit of Henry Ward Beecher, recently delivered in Boston, an inspiration came over me which I can scarcely resist to make the suggestion, that Plymouth Church take measures at once to re-engage Mr. Beecher to occupy his old platform from which he has so long and ably administered to that people. He is by far more able to interest and instruct them now, as a spirit, than when he was in the physical form. "Then he saw only as through a glass darkly, but now face to face."

Plymouth Church contains hundreds of Spiritualists to-day, just such as Mr. Beecher says he himself was; and who only lack the courage of their convictions to let this great light and profound truth shine through them, and thus illuminate that great church built up and so long and so successfully presided over by that prince of preachers, whose master mind finds no superior nor equal in all the long annals of preaching, as furnished in the world's history.

Now, that Mr. Beecher has made a debut, and so successfully, too, his own and his pet people and church should look no further for his successor; but let him be his own successor. Let him come, and from his own rostrum stand and proclaim those unsearchable riches and sacred truths, which only spirits like him and the angels in heaven can bring.

Then, indeed, shall Plymouth church continue to be a leader in liberal thought, whose light and influence shall be a beacon to all the world.

The very thought, the idea, that such a man as Mr. Beecher was, could return from the spirit land to minister to a people with whom he had labored with unexampled success for more than a generation, is sublime in itself. It shows that heaven and earth are not so far asunder as many people would have us believe. It proves that spirit and matter are subject to conditions, and that both are subject to the same laws; and that if we would understand those laws and what they teach, it becomes us as mortals to hear the warnings and listen to those spirits who come to teach and lead us to what and where is the better way.

Fraternally, J. C. N. ABBOTT.
Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Missionary Work at the South.

Second Report from Messrs. Colby and Crosette.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., JAN. 28, 1888.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

In my last, I left your readers comfortably seated and awaiting the hour to approach which should announce Mr. Colby's first lecture in Jacksonville. The meeting opened at the usual time, and, as is the custom with Mr. Colby's guides, they selected the subject for the first evening's discourse.

The next evening, the audience were allowed the privilege of choosing the subject, and from a number handed in by them they selected "The Human Soul; its Origin and Destiny."

Mr. Colby's controls announced that they would prefer to give a series of discourses upon that subject; but as we had not the time at our disposal, they would cover the ground as best they could in the time allotted, and they kept their word. For an hour and a half they kept their audience spell-bound; and I but echo the expressions of the audience, when I say that for eloquence, logic, argument and scientific research, I have yet to hear its peer. In connection with this meeting, I must not forget to mention that we had Mr. Lett with us, and at the close of the lecture, he, in a few well chosen remarks, stirred up a feeling in those present that they must not neglect this glorious heaven born angel-brought doctrine. I wish all were as faithful as he. Mr. W. is a well known Spiritualist of Washington, D. C.

At our third and last meeting here, the audience presented a question in writing; and Mr. Colby, while entranced, answered them. They ranged from Spiritualism through all the topics of general interest to scientific and ancient historical subjects. How they were answered may be best illustrated by the following: An aged colored Methodist preacher attended one of Mr. Colby's meetings, and in reply to one of his white "brothers," who ridiculed the idea of Spiritualism and Mediums, and said they were the works of the Devil, and the less one heard of it the better, said, "I tell you that when a man allows people to ask questions upon any subject, and stands on the platform and answers them, not in language and terms that the more he talks the less you know about them, but in pure and simple language that the lowest and humblest may understand as readily as the learned, such a one must have help from either God or the angel-world." I have heard a great many words spoken of that old doctrine, to my mind, are as high an encomium upon what our mediums have done, as I have ever heard. So much interest is manifested in Jacksonville, that considerable talk is indulged in relative to establishing a society, and building a hall; and that is what every locality ought to have, where there are any Spiritualists. The daily papers treated us in a very respectful manner, not only giving us impartial reports of our meetings, but signifying a desire to extend to us the same courtesies they do to other religious denominations, revealing a liberal growth on the part of the secular press truly commendable and gratifying to all of us.

As I have trespassed too far upon your valuable space I will close. May success crown your efforts, and many find THE BETTER WAY.
Yours, fraternally, E. T. C.

Written for The Better Way.

Christian Spiritualism.

NO. XX.

"When he (the comforter) is come, he will reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. Of sin, because they believe not on me; of righteousness, because I go to my Father and you see me no more; of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged."

"When he is come" has been accepted by every nation and creed in some form or another, and spiritually-minded Spiritualists realize the presence of the promised comforter in the thousand and one ways in which their dear ones make known their nearness and sympathy. There is no doubt expressed as to the presence of spirits or the Holy Spirit until the work of reproof begins: He will reprove the world of sin, because they believe not on Jesus, or the Christ principle which guided his actions and teachings. We cannot get out of the corner by the attempt to prove certain precepts and sayings did not originate with Jesus. Suppose they did not? Suppose they are older than the world itself, can that lessen their value? We speak of Bright's disease, but no man claims any patent right for Mr. Bright in the matter. People had the same disease, and suffered and died with it, long before Mr. Bright thought of investigating it. I do not claim entire originality for anything I write; for so far as I know, every thought, nay every word, may be put into my mind by some one who has used it before. But I make it mine by endorsing the sentiment, the truth, the doctrine, and perhaps there are some who say, C. M. Keith teaches thus and so, just in the same sense that Jesus taught what he knew was good for man's everlasting happiness.

Spiritualists, as a society before the public, very generally regard Jesus as a myth, or if not a myth, at least an ancient medium, far inferior to those of the present day, and why? He spent his time doing good, healing the sick and preaching to the poor. He is regarded as an inferior medium because his wonderful power was not devoted to entertaining wonder hunters. He did not have [slate-writing; did not move tables. True, writing could not have been read were it produced, and he did have most wonderful materializations in broad daylight; he also integrated the putrifying body of Lazarus and rebuilt it, so that life again could dwell in it. The only reasonable explanation of such an utter disregard of this great teacher is the desire to shirk, if possible, the necessity of attaining perfection. It does not seem possible that one in earnest, striving for the elevation and purification of himself and brethren, could overlook the example and teachings of Jesus, as given by the New Testament. There is nothing recorded of him inconsistent with goodness, brave, true and unselfish. He would bravely preach what he received from his Father, if the consequence to himself was a volley of stones from the self-condemned multitude. You will find, almost without exception, that a man or a spirit who denies Jesus, as a man who has overcome temptation and was, therefore, exalted, has some pet sin to excuse which the life and teachings of Jesus would bid him tear up by the roots. This is the way sin is re-proved, because of unbelief in Jesus; or, what is the same thing, being what he manifests, perfect goodness. A few of the spirits who control media and lecture, acknowledge and love Jesus. More ignore and deny him, at least that has been my experience. Just here I will say that Mr. Frank Ripley's guide is one who loves the Master, and is calculated to do great good. I have heard Martin Luther lecture through J. Frank Baxter, William of Orange through J. J. Morse, and Cardinal Woolsey through John B. Wolff, of our own city. All of these spirit friends are loyal to our Jesus.

The comforter was also to reprove the world of righteousness; "because I go to my Father and ye see me no more." A goodness which has to be watched is not of much value. The righteousness which would fall away when the teacher left them to return to his Father, was but a poor manifestation of growth. The comforter was to reprove men, to test the sincerity of their professions. A clairvoyant can read the thoughts of the mind, how much more the spirits who have cast off the veil of flesh and see the real personality. The comforter will tell whether we are faithful to the trust committed to us, and is not our righteousness proved to be a sham very often when faced by our dear ones from the life beyond? This reproof seems to come like a mirror, held up to show men what they really are. When a man once realizes his true position as an individual, he becomes at once responsible for his actions, not that he is not responsible from the start, but when he knows himself, he immediately uses his will power for good or evil, and need never fall to perceive the right course if he seek the truth always. A spirit returning to earth will know what accountability means, and if he sincerely desires the good of humanity will reprove, or show them wherein they are mistaken, and so give them an impulse to begin anew and live "as seeing Him who is invisible." Not from fear, but from an honest openness which

would live so that spirits should not behold a different personality to that appearing to mortals.

Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged." Perhaps this means that the evidence of spirits will reprove the judgment in our courts. It seems thus to me, though I do not assert it positively, but I give the thought expression, that it may receive light by exposure. Any one who has had much to do with law, and the lawyers of the present day know that in most cases justice has not only to be bought and paid for, but the largest fee is very apt to win the case, whether just or unjust. A smart lawyer can, and will, so confuse and tangle up a witness that, if he were twenty times in the right, he can be made to contradict himself to his own injury and the advantage of his adversary. The judge may believe with all his mind and heart in the innocence of the prisoner, but he will have to charge the jury according to evidence. How many criminals have been set free by the payment of large sums by rich parents, while the good name of some poor person, whose character is his all in this world, is tarnished and defamed, and perhaps a helpless family deprived of bread. Was this warned against when Jesus said, "Judge not after the flesh, but judge righteous judgment?" At any rate it is applicable. A lawyer of the present day studies how to win his case, rather than how to measure out justice. God grant that the day will soon come when the holy spirits are permitted to defend the innocent and plead for mercy for the guilty rather than prove them innocent with cleverly concocted lies. Let the guilty have mercy, and every opportunity to amend, but do not prove them "not guilty." C. M. KEITH.

Soul Communion.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Mr. H. W. Booser, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, wants to know what is the use of Soul Communion, as participated in by many on the 27th of every month. In attempting to speak, in answer, I do not set myself up as of any authority in the matter, and only give my opinion for what it is worth. It is simply to produce a concert of action, both on this and the spirit side of life.

Thought is something that is possessed of more potentiality than is generally supposed, and when all hands can get at the wheel and simultaneous effort is made, something must, of necessity, move.

Humanity, for generations past, has been held in mental thralldom so much that it is difficult for them to properly think upon any subject of that kind, and the object of this simultaneous action is to start waves of thought; and if we lay aside all selfishness, esteeming all mankind as brothers, created by the same universal Father, all destined to ultimately reach or return to the Father's kingdom, the effort must certainly be productive of good. Unless we can lay down the sword and sit down by our bitterest foe and ask the blessing of light and peace upon him, we had better not participate in it. We have always found it best to take things just as I found them, and in many circumstances I find it better to adapt myself to the conditions than the conditions to me. In learning the laws of life I am only able to grasp one idea at a time (and that not too big a one), for when they come too fast they only confuse me, and being only an average specimen of humanity, I judge others by myself a great deal. A slight tap to call my attention to some error in calculation produces better results than to receive a sledge hammer blow. The first might make me heed, while the other would make me mad. Sledgehammer tactics has been tried on mankind for a long time, and this Soul Communion is an effort to call the attention by a gentle tap from behind the screen.

A half hour's prayer every month for "Peace on earth and good will toward men" can do no harm, if it does no good, but I have faith that great good can be done, if we go at it right. Every vestige of self exaltation must be left out; that is, in a selfish sense, and must feel that we can exalt ourselves as we exalt or assist in exalting others around us. Condemnation has been tried in the past, and war and bloodshed have been the fruits. When the cry of war is raised it seems to go through the minds of people like a great wave, and everybody appears to be affected. We want, if we can, to start a peace wave, though it may be small, yet we feel that all right-minded persons will give the thirty minutes designated, and endeavor, as best they can, to place themselves in the current. With the assistance of the spirits on the other side, we can start into motion a wave of spiritual blessing that will never cease. A grain of mustard seed is but a small thing, and the result of our efforts may appear small for a long time, but it is simply the planting of seed that we have faith to believe will grow and bear fruit, and some of that fruit will be the beating up of the sword, the breaking to pieces the large cannons, turning the ships of war to merchant vessels, and the final disarming of all the nations of earth.

Your space will forbid my following the ideas that present themselves to me, and I will close by saying that I am a firm believer that Soul Communion is a key that will unlock the door until we can meet the God within us. Fraternally, THOMAS BUCKMAN.

It is clear that the Melrose schoolmaster is abroad. A written notice, of which the following is a copy, was lately to be seen in the railroad station in that charming town: "Lost, in the 2:30 train from Boston, a green lawyer's bag. The finder will be rewarded." etc. What a doubly green lawyer he must have been to leave his bag behind him, and then confess his verdancy!